

THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL



JULY-AUG.
1937

A LIST OF CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

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Once upon a time—

There is another story about Three Little Men—very like the story of the Three Little Pigs. One of these Men said, "By the hair of my chinny-chin-chin the Big Bad Wolf won't get me." And he didn't, because the man was wise. You know how he did it? He conquered the Big Bad Wolf (but he didn't eat him because he hated boiled wolf for supper). Are you afraid of the Big Bad Wolf? Fill in the coupon below and you will learn how Mr. Man prepared for the rainy day and slew the Big Bad Wolf. We shall send you free a copy of our booklet "The Maryknoll Annuity."

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,

Maryknoll, N. Y.

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Most Rev. James Edward Walsh, M.M., Superior General

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Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. Final Approval by Pope Pius XI, May 7, 1930.

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MISSIONS OF THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS

See section, "The Month with the Missioners."

The Maryknoll Sisters

See Sisters' page for directory.

THE FIELD AFAR—The Magazine of Maryknoll

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The list of recently deceased Maryknoll Associates appears on page 228.



Mr. and Mrs. John Kushi, of Los Angeles, Calif.

The bride is an alumna of Maryknoll's School for Japanese in Los Angeles;
the groom is a convert from Buddhism.

THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

July-August, 1937



T was all planned, devilishly planned for months by my sister.

I do not know if you have a pretty little sister Meg; or if she's easily

bored when she hears the Chinese you've been taught at the Seminary; or if she sometimes hurls books and things at you in summertime when you are at home on vacation.

But I do know that when I am home on vacation, my Chinese charms Ma and Pa, Auntie, Uncle, the dog and cat, the neighbors, their dogs and cats. And I do know that my sister Meg is the only family member who is wholly unappreciative of my Oriental linguistic ability.

The town of my birth, favored annually with my six weeks' visit from the Seminary, could never boast of a Chinese laundry until the spring of last year. Charlie Young's is the name of the place. It is located next to the A and P; it is stored on the other side by Abe the tailor's shop. I read of the joyful event of its establishment in a letter from my mother. There was a P.S. to the letter, heavily underlined in Meg's writing:

"Come home, Babs," it read, "and convert the new laundryman before you go to China. Maybe you won't pester me now with a Chinese a block away!"

The sisterly remark stung. It went deep into a brother's heart! Yet the thought of the new Chinese laundry healed the wound. At last, there was someone who'd really appreciate my efforts in Chinese! I'd spoil one shirt, five shirts, fifty shirts a day if necessary, just for an alibi to stop in at Charlie's to speak the Oriental tongue in the pure!

Vacation time sped around in August. On the train ride home,

Meet Meg

The tribulations of a
seminarian with a
smart-alec sister.

I reviewed all the Chinese characters and common phrases I had learned. I wouldn't begin to work the sterner stuff and highpoints of the language upon Charlie right at the outset; but before vacation ended, I thought, I'd have him baffled.

The third day at home found me looking in vain for soiled shirts.

"I took them to the laundry," Meg said, a peculiar light in her eyes.

"You what?"

"They'll be ready this afternoon. Here's the tag for them. Gotta nickel for a lollipop?"

Directly after dinner, I left the house and went down the street in the direction of Charlie's. Meg insisted upon accompanying me. Coming to the drug store, she let go my hand, saying:

Mission Assignments, 1937

China

Kongmoon: Frs. John T. Joyce and William P. North, of N. Y.; Fr. Aloysius J. Rechsteiner, of Penna.

Kaying: Frs. Joseph E. Van den Bogaard, Henry J. Madigan, and Dennis J. Slattery, of N. Y.

Wuchow: Fr. Albert V. Fedders, of Ky.; Fr. James M. Gillogley, of Penna.; Fr. Vincent W. Walsh, of Ia.; and Fr. Thomas S. Langley, of Mass.

Kweilin: Fr. Robert W. Greene, of Ind.; Fr. Patrick Toomey, of Conn.

Manchukuo

Fr. John J. Sullivan, of Penna.; Fr. James J. Rottner, of Ohio; Fr. John F. Coffey, of Mich.; Fr. Edward A. McGurkin, of Conn.

Japan

Fr. Thomas A. Barry, of Mass.; and Fr. William F. Murphy, of N. Y.

Korea

Frs. Gervis J. Coxen and R. Felix White, of N. Y.; Fr. Thomas J. Carey, of N. J.

Hawaii

Fr. John M. Coulehan, of Md.; Fr. Adrien A. Cloutier, of Me.

"Why don't you tell the laundryman you haven't any money, Babs?" And with that she skipped gayly into the drug store.

That's just what I'd do: tell Charlie I had no money in Chinese; *wo mei yo chien*, a very common expression! Boy, would I get to first-base with Charlie, right off!

A little old man in a blue collarless shirt and scuffy slippers came to the front of the shop from the back room. He took my tag, then looked about the shelf for its counterpart attached to the package containing my shirts. So this was Charlie! Now I'd pop out my initial shot!

"*Wo mei yo chien*, Charlie," I said proudly.

He looked at me as if puzzled. Then, his face cleared. In perfect clear-cut English, he said: "Gosh, that sounds a bit familiar! Sounds like something my mother used to say to me. That was forty-five years ago, when I first came to America. Where'd you learn it? I forgot all the Chinese I ever knew more than thirty years ago. Your shirts will be sixty cents, please."

I was speechless. I produced the money in silence.

"Aren't you little Meg's brother who's going to be a priest? She often comes here with your father's shirts and tells me how fine your Chinese is. She's been very good to me—has arranged for me to study catechism from Father Williams."

"Yeh," I said feebly. As I turned to sneak out the door, I saw Meg looking through the window, with a big red lollipop in her mouth. She was jumping up and down, laughing the giggly laugh of her species, her whorl of golden curly hair flying about her head.

Meg knew all the time that Charlie didn't speak Chinese, the little wench! And as for the catechism—!

THERE IS NOTHING GRANDER THAN THE VOCATION OF THE MISSIONARY. — RENE BAZIN.



Left: Playing the old favorite "Cat's Cradle."

Center: The boys do a dance for a festival.

Below: Incipient artists find inspiration in the park.

KIPLING called Japan: ". . . the Land of Little Children, where the Babies are the Kings." And Nippon has not changed since he visited there. Children still tumble about everywhere in their delightful natural way, looking like animated butterflies, making of life one long holiday.

The West has edged in and arrayed some of the Japanese youngsters in foreign togs, but kimonos still streak the streets with rainbows and dot the countryside with bobbing dabs of color.



THE APOSTOLATE

NEEDS MISSIONERS, PRAYERS

In "The Land of Little Children"

Japanese children play games very similar to some played here in America. Surely you have played at Cat's Cradle with little Jimmie—and Mary too—until your eyes were twitching and your fingers nearly out of joint, persevering on and on to stifle that persistent cry: "Aw! Do Tat's Tradle some more!" Japanese kiddies have a kindred delight in Cat's Cradle and even call it by the same name. The Shadow Game which always gets hilarious and ends in a wild chase, the Japanese call *Kage-bohianigo*. Our Bean Bag is similar to the Japanese game *Otadama*. But their little bags are filled with rice instead of



beans, and they skillfully keep four or five in the air at one time. Try it—and lose!

Festivals bring many delights to the children during the summer holiday season. American boys might think it sissy to dance in the street—even for a festival. But Japanese lads consider it quite as manly as *kendo* or any of their sports.

Maryknollers in Japan have discovered that the children are very fond of animals and birds. The photo on the back cover shows Father Briggs sharing his pets with kiddies in the neighborhood. He is making friends, for "where happy children lead the way fond parents will not be far behind."

Masks On The Midway

By a South China Missioner.



THE Mummers' Parade of Philadelphia and other American cities has its counterpart in miniature in nearly every sizable Chinese town. However, there is distinction. In China, the pageantry of masks is more common. In fact, almost every traditional festival or social celebration of importance has its parade of masked actors.

Americans delight in Mickey Mouse, Crazy Cat, Barney Google, Spark Plug and other familiar personalities of the comic strips; Chinese go in for historical characters, a myriad of dragons, serpents, goblins and devils, as well as the principal persons of the oriental drama, classics and folk lore. Not infrequently, these take on a humorous aspect of the witch, the nagging female and the hen-pecked male. Occasionally, an unpopular but impotent devil is caricatured to the wholesome delight of the crowds that throng the streets and wayside to view the spectacle. It is then that the devil gets his due.

In prosperous times, a troupe of itiner-



Top: Multicolored Chinese lanterns, a vital part of the decorations for all festivals.

Above and left: Chinese masks, used both by actors and by the crowds participating in impromptu parades.

ant actors may be hired to add solemnity to the celebration in honor of a village god. The play may go on for days. Parades of the actors in masks are common between exhibitions. Local youngsters who are able to obtain masks are allowed to join, and they do so with great glee. There is little order, rhyme or reason in such processions. Everyone is free to go along, traversing the main arteries of traffic, parks and public grounds.

On the "Chinese New Year" impromptu parades are formed. The children, and even grown-ups, in masks and costumes visit shops, government houses and dwellings of the more affluent. In each case, they are supposed to frighten away evil spirits and bring good luck. This superstition, as well as that accompanying the mummers' feast day antics, are losing their former grip on the credulous, since Christianity and modern general education have become more widespread in China.

AND FUNDS. WHAT WILL YOU CONTRIBUTE?



THE CONQUEROR GETS THE BIG CHIEF ON THE RUN

By Rev. Joseph P. McGinn, of Philadelphia, Penna., Maryknoll
Missioner at Tungchen, South China.



I WAS on the verge of wishing that I was a centipede. I had stood on one foot, on two feet, and then on the other foot for hours, awaiting the arrival of a bus; the horizon still remained unburdened.

This is China!

And then "The Conqueror" and "Big Chief" mercifully edged into my consciousness, and I forgot about my aching feet.

The garage men at the bus station dropped their work and crowded around some farm boys who had come by with earthen pots bound in cloth. My curiosity was aroused, and I joined the group. Each of the pots contained a cricket, and the boys had brought them in to sell to the white-collar class for cricket fights. I had been in China for a decade; this was my first encounter with what is reputed to be the major sport in my particular area. But cricket fighting is the sport of the moneyed class—landowners, mer-



chants, school teachers and officials—so it is small wonder that I had not seen any of our poor peasant people indulge in it.

The crickets are caught in bamboo traps in May. Each cricket is then imprisoned in an earthen jar where it is fed a few grains of rice and chopped-up spinach. The cricket's training begins at once. Many times a day a pencil shaped brush is waved before him to provoke his fighting propensi-

ties. Chinese cricketeers state that the brush ends must be hair from the whiskers of a rat; nothing else will serve the purpose. These hairs make the cricket pugnacious; he begins to chirp and takes a fighter's stance. Late in July, cricket trainers must devote special attention to the liquid nourishment of their little champions. They claim that only boiled and filtered water, judiciously administered, will produce a first-class battler.



The cricket combats are staged early in August. A large shop, where a crowd may assemble, is hired by the "Cricket Club" promoters, the bouts are widely advertised, and bets are made. An entrance fee must be paid for each cricket admitted for the contest. The amount collected, with overhead deducted, represents the "kitty" or prize for the winning cricket.

The bouts are staged every three or four days and draw enormous crowds of people who come to lay bets on their favorite crickets. At the end of the day, the winners of each division fight until, finally, a champion of champions emerges and captures the big prize. They say that on one occasion this year it amounted to \$1,000 Cantonese. The champ won only after fighting continuously for six hours.

The combats are interesting. They are bloodless and without casualties, at least among the crickets. Sometimes, more deadly

battle ensues between the cricket owners. The fans gather around a long table on either end of which the crickets are perched in their little jars. The combatants are fanned assiduously with the rat-whisker brushes until their chirping becomes almost continuous. At a given signal, the two contestants are pushed into one jar in the center of the table. Immediately, they face each other, make a few feints and then lock jaws, chirping loudly, biting savagely. They move with amazing speed, fighting every second. Finally, after a time, one will break and run. His opponent chases him round and round, and if by the time the water-drip timekeeper is emptied, he has not returned to the fray, he is declared the loser.

And that's what happened in the cricket fight the farm boys staged for us at the bus station. "The Conqueror" got "Big Chief" on the run.

Sometimes, the fighting is merely vocal. The crickets face each other in fighting stance, but content themselves with incessant chirping. The cricket that stops first and remains silent for a time loses the contest.

After the battle, each cricket is confined in his own jar, given a sip or two of water, and is then carefully examined by his owner. Meanwhile, another couple are in the ring.

Betting always accompanies cricket fights, odds are offered, excitement runs high, arguments follow; but cricket matches are considered "sport" not gambling.

The bouts cease in the middle of September and a month later the crickets die.

"IF THOU HAST MUCH GIVE ABUNDANTLY, IF THOU HAST

Storm Over China

Father Arthur Weber, of Cuba City, Wis., describes the devastation of a typhoon in Hoingan, South China.



COOL north wind was blowing, and no one dreamed that a typhoon was in the offing. During the night, the wind became stronger. And then we had just another verification of Emerson's famous: "The rain comes when the wind calls."

Hoingan is some distance from the ocean, and a large dike serves as an additional protection. But the waves, lashed by the wind and urged by the rising water, broke all bounds and spilled over this entire district, causing terrific destruction, devastation and loss of life.

Kau Laat Village had a population of 1,400 before the storm; 1,000 survived. Another small village in the neighborhood lost 295 of its 300 inhabitants.

When the wind and rain ceased, a rescue party braved the waves. Six boats set out for the villages nearer the sea. They reached about one hundred people whom they found clinging to the tops of bamboo trees and on the roofs of houses. Rescue parties continued their work among the storm-stricken poor and brought them to Hoingan. Although the storm had

The photos picture the destruction in Hoingan and vicinity.



also wrecked our little town, we shared what little we had left.



We saw one particularly sad case: a young woman with a child on her back and another in her arm clinging desperately with her free hand to the top of a bamboo tree. She made a valiant struggle, but lost her hold and was drowned before a boat could reach her.

That is only one case out of hundreds. And the survivors? They were poor to begin with so this is not entirely a new experience for them, but the struggle for existence is greater now.

The mission here at Hoingan has more than the usual mission needs since the typhoon blew in and washed us out.



LITTLE TAKE CARE EVEN SO TO BESTOW WILLINGLY A LITTLE."



No Holiday!

Rt. Rev. Msgr. John J. Hunt, Director of the Propagation of the Faith in Detroit, says a word on the life of Maryknoll's "man of the line."

Left: Most Rev. Francis X. Ford, Maryknoll's Bishop of Kaying, South China, delivering a sermon to the children at the Eucharistic Congress in Manila.

Below: Father James M. Gillis, C.S.P., editor of *The Catholic World*, leaving Manila with Father Robert J. Cairns, Maryknoll pastor of Sancian Island.

ished parishioners. There are no eight-cylinder cars or well-paved streets to ease and shorten their errands of mercy—only a rock-strewn, crooked trail winding through the woods across the face of the mountain. This is the "fine life" of a missioner assigned to duty in these districts of the Philippines.

From the Philippines we crossed to Hong Kong, and then journeyed to the Kongmoon Vicariate in South China. It was here at Sunwui that we saw for the first time those most abandoned of men, the lepers. The Maryknoll Fathers' leper colony is located in a cemetery beside the local refuse dump, for this is the only plot of ground which the authorities would give them for their asylum. A pitiful collection of huts shelters some three hundred men, women and children suffering from leprosy. To describe the hideousness of this dread disease would be revolting to our readers, so we shall "skip it." Day after day, Fathers Sweeney and Connors make their rounds, bathing and bandaging hideous sores. When dusk signals the end of their work, they go up to their home of rough boards surrounded by a flimsy roof. The furnishings include several precarious chairs and a table—no beds, no frigidaires, no tempting pantries—only the inevitable mat on the floor, and the omnipresent beans, canned soup, coffee, and rice. Most of the fifty Maryknoll residences in South China are in this class. This, then, is the "splendid" mission station at Sunwui, and this, the "comfortable" life of Maryknollers—a pitiful basis, indeed, for glowing tales of the prosperity and splendor of mission stations in China.

We also enjoyed the rare opportunity of visiting Sancian Island where St. Francis Xavier died. Sancian is nothing more than a rocky promontory jutting out of the China Sea, cut off from China by some twenty-six miles of treacherous waters. A bleak, barren, rocky, inhospitable spot—the abode of a few thousand undernourished peas-



OKOHAMA, Tokyo, Kobe, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Manila—what great metropolises these coastal cities of Japan and China are! How entirely devoid of the primitive conditions under which most of the 10,000 priests, Brothers and Sisters pass their lives in the apostolate in Eastern Asia. The great majority of those who made the journey to the Eucharistic Congress saw little of the missions unless they left the ports and went inland.

Those of us whose work required that we desert the beaten travel paths and see the missions as they are, have brought away the profound conviction that mission life is no holiday.

Manila amazed us with its beauty, with its modernity, with its beautiful churches. But after the Congress, we penetrated into the Mountain Provinces, and our raptures over Manila's beauty and culture were silenced as we saw the other side of life in the Philippines. We came upon crude bamboo villages of the Bontocs, the nakedness of the Igorote savages, the churches infested with bats and vermin. No radios, autos, fine beds and clean linens for the missioners back there. They consider themselves lucky if they have a few coffee beans and several cans of

dubious contents. To them, a Mass Stipend is often a blessing unknown. Parishes extend for hundreds of miles about the flimsy bamboo rectories. A sick call, ten to thirty miles into the bush, is the rule and not the exception. The missioner's only means of transportation are his God-given feet. For weeks on end these missioners travel from village to village, instructing and baptizing, sleeping on the floor in the dirty huts of the natives, eating of the foodstuffs prepared by their impover-



MANY MISSIONERS UNDERGO HARDSHIPS BUT THE CONSOLATIONS OF THEIR

ants and a lone Maryknoll missioner. There is little vegetation, no horses, and but two cows to supply the Island's need for fresh milk. The uncertain sea with its continuous threats of violent storms makes contact with the China mainland a doubtful possibility.

We then traveled up through China to Manchukuo, Korea and Japan, keeping to the countryside, excepting when it became necessary to go into the cities to make transportation connections. We visited mission dispensaries—poor frame buildings housing a variety of labeled bottles and the simplest of surgical instruments. With these facilities the missioner is attempting to alleviate the pain and suffering of countless thousands who have nowhere else to turn. The work of Dr. Blaber, of Brooklyn, New York, and the remarkable success he is achieving is the more remarkable when one sees the meager equipment at his disposal. The mission Sisters teach, nurse, conduct orphanages and homes for the aged. They live in squalid, musty shacks, going about their tasks with a sweetness and tenderness that cannot fail to touch the pagan heart.

We also visited the spacious mission houses in Hong Kong, Shanghai, Peiping and Yokohama which have been wisely provided as rest houses for missioners in the interior. Missioners who are living in dilapidated huts, eating foods which we at home would push aside, knowing no privacy, nor peace, nor comfort, should have some place to which they can return occasionally to rest. There they may eat of foods such as you and I enjoy, know again the companionship of friends, feel again the pulse of life in clean, well-kept homes. Should these tired missioners not be permitted the opportunity of a few short hours of living such as they knew at home? They deserve it, if only for the reason that they have given up their homes to go 10,000 miles across the world to teach the Gospel of Christ and to practice His work of mercy.

This was not my first mission tour. Several years ago, it was my privilege to travel 45,000 miles visiting the missions of the West Indies, the Canal Zone, Hawaii, the South Sea Islands, Ceylon and India, Africa, and South America. But despite some 70,000 miles of travel, I must confess that I have



Rt. Rev. Msgr. John J. Hunt, S.P.F., Director in Detroit, poses with two little Japanese maids in Manchukuo.

seen little of the mission world. I

Mission Values

\$1

Will support a Missioner for one day.

\$3

Will support a Mission Baby for one month.

\$15

Will pay the salary of a native catechist for one month.

\$100

Will support a native seminarian for one year.

have seen enough, however, to know that real men are there. The life of the missioner is hard—a life of sacrifice and suffering. I have found that a good missioner does not complain, but asks of God only that He grant a new day in which to work and preach His word.

I am grateful to have had the opportunity of seeing the missioners and their living conditions as they really are. These few lines were written lest there be, here or there, a Manila pilgrim who after brief stops at the ports has carried home an erroneous idea of mission life in Eastern Asia.

HAPPY LIFE OUTSHINE THE

DARKER SIDE.—*Bishop James Anthony Walsh.*

The Leper Workers Whistle in the Rain

Fathers Joseph Sweeney and Francis Connors keep their eyes on the rosy dawn ahead and make light of the many difficulties in building the new colony at Ngai Moon.



E are somewhat bewildered, as is everyone now harkening to the world-wide grumblings of social and political volcanoes; but we whistle along and hope for the best. The revolutions now threatening may leave our little leper family huddled in oblivion and cut off from our good friends in U.S.A. whose generosity alone built up and sustains this colony. If the worst of Communism ever comes, the last message from the lepers is: "THANKS."

About a year ago, it seemed that long

for centuries. Roused in wrath, he would visit his clan with failure in business. Early and violent deaths would follow. It took months of palaver before an agreement was made by which we gave them a large strip of land, including the grave, over the whole top of the hill. But then a new government came in South China, and the clan seized the opportunity to induce all twelve villages of the district to join in a protest, to the new authorities, against our lepers occupying the place at all. An injunction was placed on us, because we were unknown to the new officials, and the clan was emboldened

smashing our windows. We crawled out into the dark deluge. Lightning revealed palm-mat roofs flying off among the white tombs, like crows in a gale. Now and then, a house would crash down. We could do little, for our words were wasted on the wind, and we could not tell what house would stand. But the lepers showed unerring sense (or their Guardian Angels did) and not one was injured. Daylight finally came, and we gazed upon the scene of wreckage. Half the dwellings of the colony were completely destroyed. The large dispensary and laboratory,



negotiations giving us a decent site for a new asylum were concluded. The title-deeds were in our hands, and work started in earnest. But then many upsets followed that stopped everything. A powerful clan, living many miles up the river and reported to be armed with 2,000 rifles, claimed a whole hill in the center of our property as the resting place of their common ancestor whose forgotten tomb was suddenly brought from its covering of bush and tall grass. According to their superstition, any digging on that hill, which constituted one third of our building space, or any house built in view of the tomb would disturb the spirit of the old gentleman who has lain there peacefully

Father Francis J. Connors, M.M., with a few of the 300 lepers at Maryknoll's leprosarium.

to burn down our house. However, to the credit of the new government, a very fair investigation was made; although the protesting villages fought by every underhand means, including libel and attempted big bribery, we were finally granted full rights to develop the new colony.

Another set-back to the leper work was the typhoon which struck this locality. We were awakened one morning at two o'clock by wind and rain

with all medical cabinets and records, were blown flat to the ground. The rebuilding meant months of labor.

Other difficulties of the year came from the sickness of every member of the staff. But fortunately, all of us chose different times to be ill, and the patients were always served.

All these bothersome trials faded. Work goes along merrily and we have high hopes of being "all set" at Ngai Moon by August fifteenth.

WHATEVER THE MISSIONER RECEIVES IS GIVEN TO THE POOR

First To Die At Sea

BROTHER Augustine of the Maryknoll Missions, in the world Charles Hugh McKernan of Philadelphia, passed away aboard the Steamship President Coolidge, April 28, 1937, the first Maryknoller to die at sea. He was returning on furlough after ten years in the mission field and—the irony of it!—was conducting home Father Leo Steinbach who had fallen gravely ill in Korea and was due for the hospital.

Father Steinbach, the patient, assumed the role of nurse and spiritual father. We quote in part from his edifying account of Brother's last hours:

"About three o'clock on the afternoon of April 27 the doctor became alarmed and told me he was afraid Brother had a streptococcic infection which would undoubtedly prove fatal in a day or so. I arose from my bed and sat on a chair beside Brother's bed.

"I told him he was in danger of death and asked him to clear his conscience and prepare for the final struggle. He was very calm and after telling me his conscience was at ease, he recited the Act of Contrition very slowly and devoutly while I pronounced the words of absolution. I told him to continue his courageous attitude, that as he had laboured for Christ, he was now suffer-

ing and dying for Him. He clasped my arm with both his hands and said, 'I love God above all things and I love you, Father.'

"In the morning, the doctor said that Brother had but two hours to live. I prayed with him. Finally, Brother's breathing became slower and I knew it was the end. I sprinkled him with holy water, pressed my crucifix to his lips and repeated: 'Jesus, Mary and Joseph, assist me in my last agony. Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I breathe forth my soul in peace with you.' As I murmured this last ejaculation, Brother took his final breath.



Brother Augustine, M.M., Nov. 9, 1896—April 28, 1937.

"Brother was dead. For the remaining days of the journey, I frequently looked over at his empty bed and several times caught myself about to speak to him. But he had gone to God. His voyage was ended and he had received a permanent assignment to Maryknoll in Heaven."

Steps That Lead Beyond The Street

Up these steps, almost fifty years ago, trod the active feet of Father James Anthony Walsh, the newly appointed curate of St. Patrick's Church in Roxbury, Massachusetts.

Many a Boston pastor remembers him well as the man whose mind dwelt with a contagious enthusiasm among the millions of pagans who were waiting for the message of faith that he was to bring them. In this beautiful old house were formulated plans that led to the foundation of Maryknoll. Here it was that "The Field Afar" took form and began to speak of "other sheep who are not of this fold."

Now, trucks rumble past the doorway, and speeding taxicabs whiz around the busy corner, while hundreds of little children on their bicycles and

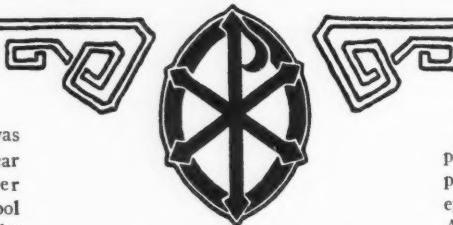


homemade scooters race noisily up and down the sidewalk. But the older priests of Boston pay silent and solemn tribute as they pass by the doorway. The gas lamp still stands, as it did years ago, and lights the steps that have become a shrine to the memory of work well done.

The steps of old St. Patrick's rectory seem to lead only to the street, but in reality they extend to the farthest outposts of Christianity. And over the trail that was started here by the footsteps of Father James Anthony Walsh, many thousands have trod, and, by the grace of God, many thousands more will follow. These steps have supported a burden of faith that will make them immortal in the minds of American priests.

FOR CHRIST, WHILE HE REMAINS FOREVER POOR WITH CHRIST.

HIS PRIESTLY SON



THE Reverend Nicholas Murphy was evidently disturbed. It was near bedtime. His faithful housekeeper brought in the little pitcher of cool water and placed it on his desk, but he did not bid her his usual cheery good-night. He simply mumbled.

And she—well, we are not concerned, but the angels heard her say, as she left the room, "He might as well have kept quiet! I wonder what's got into him, anyway."

Father Nicholas was a holy priest, a watchful shepherd who gave all his time and all his income, slender though it was, to his flock. He loved them all, even the straying ones, and they all loved him.

He had a "hobby"—and it was a blessed one—the ambition to rear priests. Already in the fifteen years of his charge at Avondale, a parish of some two hundred families, he had managed to add to the diocesan list no fewer than ten names; and this from a district in which the flower of priesthood had not blossomed for almost a quarter of a century. His fellow-priests were filled with admiration at his good work; and whenever he visited the archbishop or met him on the occasion of some Confirmation ceremony, His Grace invariably referred to the splendid record he had made.

But Father Nicholas had not always been so enthusiastic on this subject. In the first years of his priesthood he had given it little thought. When some young student announced to him, in the confessional or outside, that he intended to go to the Seminary, he was always glad, but never concerned himself as to how the idea was suggested or who fostered it. He did not recall much about his own vocation: only that, as long as he could remember anything, he had thought of the priesthood and nothing else. So he felt that the idea would come to others in the same mysterious way, and that the supply would regulate itself without any active interest on his part, that if God wanted

By Father John Wakefield.

Most Rev. J. A. Walsh, M.M., co-founder of Maryknoll used this pseudonym when writing stories for THE FIELD AFAR. This story was written by him when Maryknoll was but two years old.

priests He would find them.

Once or twice it occurred to him to suggest such a vocation to likely boys, but he always hesitated. He knew of a bitter disappointment which had come to one of his fellow-priests who had taken the initiative in encouraging what he believed to be a vocation, and, mindful of this example, he had continued his "hands off" policy for the first ten years of his priesthood. "Leave it all to God," he said to himself.

But one day a bishop from the West visited the parish in which Father Nicholas was stationed as curate. The bishop was a man of strong character, whose words, bearing the seal of personal experience, made a deep impression on the young priest. He spoke particularly of his conviction that in all parts of the country, and especially in the more populous Catholic centres, vocations were going to seed because priests were afraid to foster them.

"God calls through men," said the bishop emphatically, "and every one of God's ministers ought to be as anxious to reproduce good priests to follow in his footsteps, as a Catholic father is to bring into the world children to perpetuate his name."

The idea struck home. It sank deep into the heart of Father Nicholas, and before that year had closed some of his meager income was defraying the expense of educating a boy for the priesthood. The second year, two were on the way; and then came his appointment as pastor of Avondale.

There was much to do in the new parish and a thousand details preoccupied him; but Father Nicholas kept his eyes open for "priestly sons," and soon Avondale began to echo with the whisperings of sacred ambition.

The good pastor was hard pressed at times, but he never refused the needed help. His cassock did not look so fresh as formerly and his cigar-box gave way to a tobacco-jar. The housekeeper did not like the tobacco crumbs and the burnt matches, but Father Murphy was "no crank" and she knew enough not to complain.

So the good work had gone on, even at the cost of sacrifice. Only the day before, at Father McCall's Confirmation, the auxiliary bishop had praised him before a table-full of the neighboring clergy.

And now—! Was it any wonder that he had slighted his good housekeeper when she interrupted his reflections this evening? Leo Shahan, the solitary subject for that year, had just told him that he was not going to the Diocesan Seminary.

Had the boy said he was positive that he had no vocation to the priesthood, it would not have given the shock it did. Or had he declared his intention to enter some religious order, Father Nicholas would have become reconciled at once. But it was quite another and an unexpected reason that had been offered: Leo Shahan had made up his mind to go to the foreign missions.

"The foreign missions—" mused the priest.

"China, probably and preferably," the boy said, but he had no choice. And can't he see all there is to be done here—with the heathen at our doors? Charity begins at home. I'm provoked with the youngster, after all I've done for him.

"Of course, some one ought to go to these people, but in the old countries there are priests 'running over one another,' and they ought to be scattered among the heathen where they could do some good."

"Then, too"—and here it was the human in the priest that spoke—"the idea will spread and cut off our supply for the diocese. I can't control any of them once they get started on this tack."

Father Nicholas went to bed that night thoroughly disappointed. The next morning after Mass he called Leo to the sacristy, rehearsed all his arguments of the night before and added a few others. He warned the boy to go slowly, and urged him to wait until he was ordained in order that he might make a test of his new feeling.

Leo thanked his benefactor earnestly, but assured him that he had thought and prayed over the matter for a whole year already, and was firmly convinced that he would be a coward if he did not follow the light that had been given him.

* * * * *

Leo Shahan entered the Foreign Mission Seminary, and five years later, after a brief visit to Avondale, he bade his parents and his pastor farewell and took the train for San Francisco, on the way to his mission in Korea.

"Korea," murmured Father Nicholas, as he sat again by his fireside and looked at the ordination souvenir of his protégé.

"Where is it?" And he found himself so much interested as to take down his Catholic Encyclopedia, locate the little country outlined above the map of China, and read the brief story of its persecutions and progress.

"It's a tough row," he broke out half unconsciously, "that the youngster has to hoe. Good luck to him and—God bless him!"

In due time letters from the Far East began to drop occasionally out of the Avondale pouches. Father Nicholas was always pleased to see the strange stamp and to read Leo's glowing accounts of his apostolate.

He could not help taking a secret pride in the fact that his was the only parish in the diocese, and for that matter in the province, which had given a priest to the foreign missions. He noticed, too, that the life of this self-exiled young priest was followed with deep interest by many in the parish, and was visibly stimulating religious vocations. But he was never quite reconciled.

Then, late one afternoon, a letter ar-

The Missioner's Cross

Annual Needs:

<i>Salary for a catechist.....</i>	\$180.
<i>Education of a native seminarian.....</i>	\$100.
<i>Support of a native priest.....</i>	\$200.
<i>Care of the aged, the blind, the orphan</i>	\$50.

rived, bearing the now familiar stamp, but addressed in a strange handwriting. The priest was just finishing Matins for the morrow. He reached for his paper-cutter, and as he turned the envelope in his hand discovered a bishop's coat-of-arms. A feeling of uneasiness came over him and he opened the letter hastily. It read:

Dear Father Murphy:

Fiat voluntas Deit! Father Shahan, after a short illness, died in my arms this morning, the death of a saint. He left this message for you—"Tell Father Murphy that I have never forgotten his goodness to me. Tell him that when I decided to come here, I offered all my life for his holy work, the supply of priests for the diocese in which I was born, and that if I disappointed him, God, Whose arm is not shortened, will raise up many to more than compensate for the loss which I occasioned. And tell him that my little flock has prayed daily for him and for his people."

I am writing to Father Shahan's parents, but I feel impelled to congratulate you and your parish on the blessing which will come to your work—if indeed it has not already come—through his sacrifices in life and now through his intercession. *Mirabilis est Deus in Sanctis suis!* God is wonderful in His Saints!

To us here his loss is a great one, but for him "to die is gain." From this crushed seed will germinate faith for many in Korea, and God will reward you who have been the instrument of good to these poor grateful people.

✠ G. Mutel,
Ep. tit. Milen.

Father Nicholas brushed away the tears from his eyes, went into his bedroom and said the *De Profundis* for his "priestly son." Then a sense of deep gratitude filled his soul. He

took up his breviary and began to read where he had left off.

The words seemed suddenly to be full of significance:

Te Deum laudamus;

"We praise Thee, O God;"

Te aeternum Patrem omnis terra veneratur;

"Thee, eternal Father, all the earth doth worship;"

Te martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus;

"Thee, the white-robed army of martyrs doth praise;"

Te per orbem terrarum, sancta confitetur Ecclesia;

"Thee, the holy Church throughout the world doth confess;"

Convertisimi ad me et salvi eritis, omnes fines terrae;

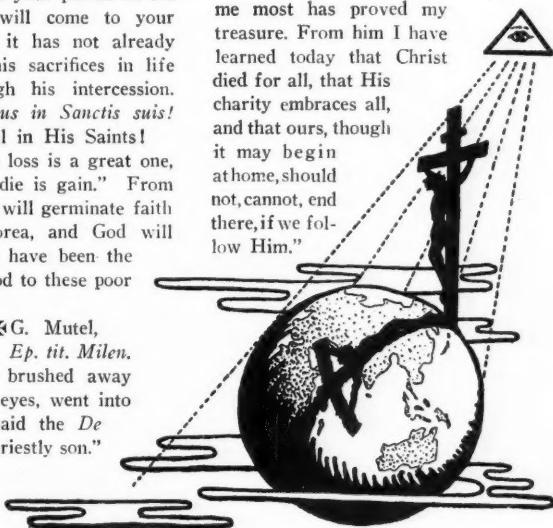
"Turn to me and ye shall be saved, all the ends of the earth;"

Non fecit taliter omni nationi et iudicia sua non manifestavit eis.

"He hath not done in like manner to every nation and His judgments he hath not made manifest to them."

The heart of the priest was full to the brim with peace and love, as he knelt again before his crucifix. *Omnis terra — orbem terrarum — fines terrae. All the earth . . . the ends of the earth.* The words kept ringing in his ears. He looked at the outstretched arms of the Savior and he seemed to hear the call, *Venite ad me, omnes—"Come to me, all!"*

Then as he bowed his head, he said to himself, "The son who disappointed me most has proved my treasure. From him I have learned today that Christ died for all, that His charity embraces all, and that ours, though it may begin at home, should not, cannot, end there, if we follow Him."



PRAY FOR VOCATIONS. THE HARVEST IS GREAT; THE LABORERS ARE FEW.

When "Barkis Is Willin'" in South China

Very Rev. Thomas V. Kiernan, one of Maryknoll's Assistants General, recalls the espousal customs as he learned them while a South China missioner.



OURTSHIP, such as is known to Occidentals, is not common in China. Betrothals or marriage engagements are business matters rather than affairs of the heart.

The chief factotum is the go-between; more often than not, a woman, who acts as a marriage-broker. The initial arrangements usually occur when the parties are infants.

When all the minutiae have been satisfactorily determined by the two families through the go-between, so that each knows there will be no loss of "face" from various obstacles, the formalities are commenced.

The Chinese divide the betrothal rites into:

The Three Contracts—

- The contract of marriage;
- The receipt of betrothal money;
- The deed of the delivery of the bride.

The Six Ceremonies—

- The small presents;
- The inquiry for the name of the bride;
- The payment of the betrothal money;
- The request to fix the day;
- The sending of a goose;
- The fetching of the bride.

After the informal agreement has been reached between the families, the go-between executes the contracts and carries out the ceremonies. To show that they are in earnest, the family of the boy sends gifts of tea, cakes and a small amount of money to the girl's family.

The inquiry is then made as to the girl's name and date of birth; horoscopes are consulted and found to be in harmony. A written marriage contract is drawn up, signed, and copies are exchanged.

A portion of the dowry is then

paid to the girl's family, usually from five to ten per cent of the total agreed upon. The dowry is supposed to be a token of compensation for the expense of raising the bride-to-be, and to provide her trousseau.

It may be ten or fifteen years before the betrothals eventuate into a marriage ceremony. When the boy has reached the age of sixteen, and his family is ready for the marriage, the wedding day is fixed by them. Not infrequently, the girl's family, after she has

twice at a distance and to express their consent.

The remainder of the dowry is paid, and preparations are made for the marriage feast. A goose or several pounds of raw pork are sent to the girl's family. Sometimes, they in turn present such gifts to the family of the bridegroom. The wedding day at hand, the bridegroom sends the red bridal chair for the future queen of his hearth. Her trousseau and wedding gifts are carried ahead on litters, led by a small band and accompanied by banner-bearers. The grandeur of this procession is in direct proportion to the wealth of the families of the parties.

Along with the bride goes a deed or certificate, in a flat lacquer box, testifying that this is the bride originally contracted for.

Although modern Chinese laws require more advanced ages for legally valid betrothals and demand the free consent of each party thereto, the vast majority of the people cling to the traditions and customs of their ancestors, and the breaking of these in favor of the law is frowned upon by the more conservative element.

Woe to him who breaks a betrothal contract. Large pecuniary indemnities are demanded to satisfy for the injury to the other family. It causes a great loss of prestige; only a commensurate ransom is sufficient to avoid lawsuits or open warfare between the clans.

Needless to say, such customs offer severe obstacles in mission work. Catholics are forbidden to espouse their children without their free consent, and the marriage age is much older than is the practice among non-Christians. However, despite the innate conservativeness of the Chinese, Western contacts, education and the missions are gradually effecting deviations from even the most honored pagan traditions.



This is not the bearded lady of circus side-show fame, but a Chinese bride in her wedding outfit.

reached 14 years of age, requests the boy's family to fix the day. Among non-Christians, the day is determined by a fortune teller who selects a lucky date. Catholics consult their pastor.

During all this time, the two have never met. Today, before many espousals are cemented if the parties are adult, they are allowed to see each other once or

Our "Oldest" Chinese Sisterhood Carries On

By Sister Mary Lawrence Foley, O.P., of Fall River, Mass.

LAST year, five Chinese girls, fed on rice and Rodriguez for nine years by the Maryknoll Sisters, burgeoned forth as the first professed Sisters of the native community founded by Bishop James E. Walsh in Kongmoon. After their profession, more than one Maryknoll missioner decided that he needed two members of this young community for work in his mission. But two of the Sisters had to return to Macao to continue their Middle School studies. The three remaining members could hardly be divided, so all three were assigned to mission work here in Kongmoon.

To Sister Pauline was assigned the care of the poor boat children, who have never known a home on land. Sister Joseph was to organize a Catholic Action Society and instruct our Catholic women, some of whom have a very meagre knowledge of their religion. Sister Catherine was given the

Society, which Sister Joseph organized, meet every Sunday. They are very active; it is not unusual to see a woman bringing a pagan neighbor to Mass.

One of Sister Catherine's most interesting catechumens is an old boat woman. At first, one could say that paganism was "in her bones." Every statement that Sister made was met with an objection in favor of the worship of idols. Nevertheless, the old lady continued to attend two Masses each Sunday besides "Sunday School," and of late she has raised few objec-

tions. She can now make the sign of the cross correctly and understands a few principles of our religion.

The main work of these native Sisters is the propagation of the Faith; but, like Sisters the world over, they have many tasks to do in their "spare time." Striving to make the community self-supporting they keep a vegetable garden, make church vestments, candles and altar breads for two neighboring missions as well as for the needs in Kongmoon, and maintain a weaving and dyeing establishment.



largest task of all, the instruction of pagan women.

Sister Pauline's twenty little pupils study for only two hours. Besides reading and writing, the children are taught catechism, and the school day ends with a play period which they thoroughly enjoy. These poor little pagans have discovered that they please us by learning their catechism lesson, and now they announce their arrival at the gate each morning by shouting the lesson at the tops of their voices.

The members of the Catholic Action

Above: The first professed Sisters of the native community at Kongmoon, South China.
Left: Sister Pauline who conducts a school for poor boat children.
Below: Sister M. Gonzaga Rizzardi, O.P., of New Rochelle, N. Y., with the aspirants at Kongmoon. One of their "spare time" tasks is shoemaking.



FILL OUT THE COUPON INSIDE THE FRONT COVER AND FIND THE ANSWER.

THE FIELD AFAR

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TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



IT is not surprising that a Pontiff distinguished for his zeal for the social order should also manifest an extraordinary love for the missions. The two things are inseparably linked. Improvement in family, social and economic life follows gradually, but inevitably, as the message of Christ penetrates a pagan land. History reveals as the greatest example of the construction of a sane and happy social order among a primitive people—the Jesuit Reductions of Paraguay.

It is Catholicism through her world-wide missions that is ever busy building the true and lasting social order. And it is the resurgence of paganism that disintegrates it. Thank God for the Pope of the missions who reminds, urges, commands us to get at the task of repairing and rebuilding, so that not only religion, but its concomitant civilization, may be preserved as the heritage of mankind.



GOOD people of small vision have not been lacking in the Church from earliest times who could not for the life of them leap over national horizons with an enthusiasm for foreign missions. It is curious to think what the Church would have remained had these had their way from the beginning. It would be the religion only of Palestine.

The foreign missions are Catholicity in action, and without them this mark of the Church would be found only in dictionaries. For-

tunately, God has planned otherwise. We need not fear that "missions" and "Catholicity" will ever become the exclusive possession of the lexicographer.

It is hard to find a better interest in life than that in which God is interested. Let us make His plan our plan.



Rejoice With Us!

THE Holy See has formally assigned Maryknoll a new mission territory and has named two new Maryknoll mission ordinaries, a Bishop, and a Prefect Apostolic.

The new territory is a division of the Diocese of Osaka in Japan and is to be known as the Prefecture of Kyoto.

The new Bishop is the Most Reverend Adolph Paschang, native of Martinsburg, Mo., named to succeed as Vicar Apostolic of Kongmoon to the post vacated by Bishop James E. Walsh, now our Superior General.

The new Prefect of Kyoto is the Right Reverend Monsignor Patrick J. Byrne, of Washington, D.C., leader of our pioneer band in Japan.

We shall have something to say next month about these changes.



THREE is nothing more powerful than an ideal that is understood, and nothing more powerless than one that is misunderstood. Explain it and people will be inspired to struggle up to it; invoke it and people will be ashamed to fall below it; leave it in its abstract nebulosity and people will complacently ignore it. The Maryknoll ideal was indicated by two phrases that were constantly on the lips of its Founders. "Go the whole way for Christ," was one. "Give all for God," was the other. Is this to say that the ideal is simply perfection? Of a kind no doubt, and in a mission Society that kind would be apostolic perfection which is another way of saying perfect apostolicity. It may

THE FIELD AFAR, Maryknoll

thus be defined as the ideal of giving all that you have and are, with no holding back and no reserves, for the saving of souls. Did Maryknoll invent it? Hardly. We might have preferred an easier one. The Maryknoll Founders simply knew what it was. It was actually invented by Christ Himself when He sent out His Apostles. It passed over into Macedonia with St. Paul, ranged the forests of Europe with Augustine and Boniface, spurred Francis Xavier over continents. It relentlessly pursues those who are called to walk in their footsteps, and will pursue them to the end of life, of time, perhaps of eternity. It is no matter of choice. It is imposed by the mission vocation.

Mission Books in English

THE editor of *The Far East* recently discussed a favorite old thesis among workers for missions, to wit: "There are not enough mission books in English." We agree.

The editor says a book publisher told him that mission books do not sell. Again we agree.

It seems to us that we should approach the book problem with a recognition of the fact that, making all due allowance for the zeal of the faithful, missions for most people represent a subject of but marginal interest even among those who read Catholic books.

The Catholic public is reading relatively few books today. True, there are phenomenal best sellers in the secular field such as "Gone with the Wind," enormous thousand page volumes which have topped the million mark, and which prove that people generally have it in them to read. The fact remains, however, that Catholics pray and give and sacrifice, but are not inclined as a body to sit down with a Catholic book.

What is to be done? Without entering into the general problem of creating the urge to read we would mention two practical objectives for the protagonists of missions.

The first is to recognize that the

subject of missions, quite as truly as that of philosophy or theology or mathematics, requires text books or source books from which leaders and workers in this field may draw exact and systematized information. Such books need not be many nor of vast proportions, but they should exist. It should be recognized that they would be only for the few, that there will be no wide sale for them, that they would be principally works of reference. From the moment of their inception it would have to be plainly understood that their publication must be subsidized and that any attempt to water them down in such a manner that they would serve both leaders and led is unwise.

With such works of reference we would establish the prestige of missions among the studious and among Church leaders generally. Theology reaches the public in much more popular form than that in which it appears in seminary text books, but no one would attempt to set forth theology in a book that would serve completely the needs of both the student and the layman. The same applies to mission data. The Catholic leader today who feels inclined to speak or write on missions quickly abandons the project, because he finds it impossible to put his hand on comprehensive treatments which with relatively little effort will permit him to grasp the substance of the Church's mission policy, problems, and accomplishments.

Secondly, books for the public should be published, but first a program should be evolved which will represent an intelligent investigation: the most attractive method of presenting missions to the public; then, the most effective and inexpensive manner of getting the books into the hands of the public.

We hazard the opinion that only two categories of mission books would have any great attraction for the public. The first category is the book by the gifted writer so excellently prepared that lovers of reading will devour it for its en-

Crusaders At Cleveland

A word to America's youth, represented in the delegates of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade gathered for the Tenth General Convention in Cleveland, Ohio, August 17-20.

YOUTH—idealistic, day-dreaming youth, if you will, but youth full of promise and dear to the heart of Christ—is ever seeking something it calls opportunity. To worldly youth opportunity is bounded by the narrow horizons of space and time, but to Christian youth it is boundless. Limitless ambition should be a marked characteristic of Catholic young men and women.

In his own day, the scholarly St. Francis Xavier would have gone through the universities of Europe to summon potential heroes from the trifling trivialities of debate to the vast opportunities of action. Today, he would add America to his scheme. It is the common cry of modern youth that its opportunities are few and diminish-

ing. It breathes uneasily the stuffy atmosphere of a regimented society.

Would that we had the eloquence of a Xavier with which to set before these fiery, and not unjustified, complaints, the answer that is afforded by the Orient of today—an Orient no longer somnolent, but awake, inquisitive, seething with intellectual activity. If the West is to some degree effete and mentally depressed, all the more should intelligent Catholic-minded youth give ear to the call of the East for their help, its invitation to their talented minds. A glorious chance to live fully, dangerously, and for God. If our university boys and girls are looking for opportunity, here it is

gaging style, much as they would take up Emil Ludwig's volume "The Nile." If writers could be found whose names are already celebrated, such as Hilaire Belloc or Ronald Knox, so much the better.

The second category would be books after the pattern of those much in vogue today which portray the glories and the beauties of empires, of health and pleasure resorts, of enterprises which intrigue the young, such as the sailing of ships, the mining of coal, the growing of rubber. A considerable portion of the substance

of such books consists of photographs, while the text is relatively brief.

A more serious example of such works is *The Child's Book of Knowledge*. Types of the more flagrantly inspired varieties are the books and magazines issued by the modern masters of propaganda, the publicity departments of the Italian, German and Russian Governments. We by no means recommend this extreme.

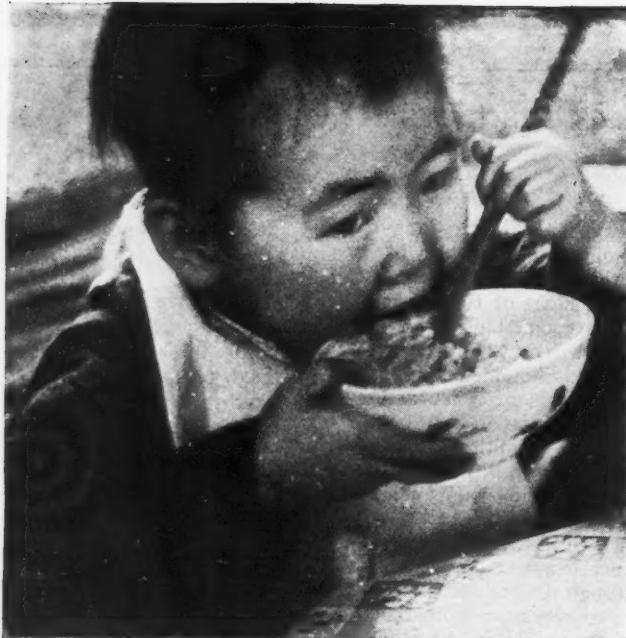
How circulate such books? We believe that so long as each mission society or mission bureau works alone nothing very startling will be accomplished. Some such central agency as the Missionary Union of the Clergy should unite the mission forces for a joint book program. Each Society would have its own books to cover its special interests; but the background of the world-mission enterprise, so vital to sustained mission support by the Catholic world, should represent a common effort.

Limbo

LIMPID, almond eyes that stare
From a baby face,
Innocent but starkly bare
Of the light of Grace:
Saving Waters set a mark
On christened souls, 'tis true;
Accustomed eyes may see the spark
Of Glory shining thru.

—M.A.C.

Grace Before



THE angels must hover around the heavenly throne and jostle one another with eagerness, as they await the precious commission to trip down the avenues of clouds and drop into Fu-shun bringing the Lord's loving answer to "Grace before chopsticks."

Who could resist those innocent baby eyes,



Above: Approved by the Chinese *Emily Post*.

Center: Awaiting the Lord's loving answer to "Grace before chopsticks."

Right: More, please!

the lisping rosebud lip and dewey with baptismal water the best of Fathers!

The angelic ambassadors bless each child (no matter who is glued—on the head or eminently clasped, or on owl-like eyes) for is not God everywhere? With pert skill, they show the little bowl and tip each chopstick grace.

No wonder the chosen ones of the heavenly court! They move with lightning speed, but with grace! "Thanks after chopsticks" have a heavenly time watching the kiddies and the desperate Angels, and can tell many a story of how they turn to the heavenly coat. —devoted, much-harassed parents—have no easy time preparing trophies, and preserving their babes themselves for another day.

When the last grain of rice and the Guardian Angels say "Eva and Marys triumph! Thee thanks," the angelic messengers with their message of "Thank you!"

before Chopsticks



sebuds and glistening souls still baptism waters? Certainly not others!

ambassadors do as commissioned, old (no matter where her attention the heavens above, on fingers sol- , or on bowls of steaming rice— d everywhere?); and then with ex- y show blessings too into each tip eat chopstick with a season-

the chosen angels are the envy of court! They don't flash back with d, but wait to bear the orphans' chopsticks" to the Father. They ly time watching the maneuvers of the desperation of their Guardian can tell many a tale when they re- venly coat. The Guardian Angels ch-harried protectors of the tiny easy time preventing major catas- preserving bowls, chopsticks and the es for another meal.

ast grain of rice has disappeared ian Angels stand up all the little rys triumphantly for "We give the angelic ambassadors skim off ssage of "Thanks." The Father



takes particular delight in grateful children and He is waiting.

* * * * *

And now that you have read this angelic story, will you say a prayer for the orphans and make a sacrifice to fill their rice bowls? The Father is waiting to bless your gift at the prayer of a child.



The orphans' Guard-ian Angels have no easy time preventing major catastrophies, and preserving bowls, chopsticks and the babes themselves for another meal.

THE MONTH WITH

Maryknoll missioners in Eastern Asia number 150 priests and 15 Auxiliary Brothers, laboring in six territories, each the equivalent of a small diocese. These are: 1. Vicariate of Kongmoon; 2. Vicariate of Kaying; 3. Prefecture of Wuchow (all three in South China); 4. Prefecture of Fushun in Manchukuo; 5. Prefecture of Peng Yang in Korea; 6. Japanese Mission about Lake Biwa, Japan.



These six territories embrace 142,000 square miles and contain 20,000,000 non-Christian souls. They are twice the size of the New England states and number over three times the population of New

ence, which included hundreds of non-Christians.

The play was staged in the yard at the rear of the mission chapel, and the cast included catechumens and converts. Among the latter was the highly esteemed Dr. Leung, who gave a very fine demonstration of dramatic ability.

Supply and Demand—

The family medicine chest is notorious for harboring all kinds of unused and unopened sample packages of pills, iodine, aspirin, gauze. "What have you there that you would not miss if it were in South China?" asks Father Rauschenbach of St. Louis. The "doctor" is very grateful to the many generous souls who answered his appeal of a few months ago, but the long lines of afflicted that form outside the dispensary door, will soon exhaust the supply.

A little bundle of supplies addressed to: Rev. Otto Rauschenbach, in care of the Maryknoll House, Stanley, Hong Kong, will reach the consignee free of duty, and the patients free of charge.

A Doctor's Prescription—

The following excerpt is from one of Dr. Harry Blaber's recent letters:

"Medical missionary effort will not stop when we die, and the best way to guarantee the continuation of our ideals is to enable others to carry on the work after us. There are many Chinese boys, brilliant, and good Catholics, who have the desire and the willingness to work for the missions after they have completed their studies, but who cannot afford a doctor's education. Professional and financial assistance are needed for them."

MISSIONERS

England. They include 50,600 Catholics, of whom 5,600 adults are last year's converts.

The center for the South China missions is Maryknoll House, Stanley, Hong Kong, though each field has its central address as given below.

The Maryknoll Fathers likewise have a parish in Honolulu, special student work in the Philippines, and two parishes among the Japanese on our Pacific coast.

"Others, equipped with the necessary medical knowledge, could help our work by giving lectures to the priests, Brothers and Sisters, who are going to the missions.

"The three magazines that would be of the most service to us here in China are: *The Journal of the American College of Surgeons*, *The Journal of Tropical Diseases*, and the *J.A.M.A.* Good books of recent edition on internal medicine, surgery, surgical technique, pediatrics, obstetrics, gynecology, E.M.T., eye conditions, and tropical diseases, would also be invaluable."



THE MISSION: Vicariate of Kaying, Kwangtung Province, South China, 15,000 square miles in area, three times the size of Connecticut. Population 2,600,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Most Rev. Francis X. Ford, D.D., *Vicar Apostolic*, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Frs. Quinn and Rhodes, of Calif.; Fr. C. Murphy, of Conn.; Fr. O'Brien, of Ill.; Frs. Bush, Callan, Donaghy, Gallagher and Welch, of Mass.; Fr. Gleason, of Mo.; Frs. Dennis, Hilbert, P. Malone, T. Malone and Youker, of N. Y.; Frs. F. Donnelly, T. Donovan, Downs, Driscoll, McClarnon, J. McCormick and J. O'Donnell, of Pa.; Fr. O'Day, of R. I.; Fr. Eckstein, of Wis.; and Fr. M. Murphy, of Canada. Central address:

Catholic Mission, Kaying,
via Swatow, China

THE MISSIONERS:

Rev. A. J. Paschang, *Administrator*, of Martinsburg, Mo.; Frs. Kennelly, James Smith and J. Sweeney, of Conn.; Fr. Churchill, of Iowa; Fr. Farnen, of Md.; Frs. Cairns, Chatigny, F. Connors, J. Fitzgerald, Lavin, Lima, McDermott, Paulhus, and J. Toomey, of Mass.; Frs. Mueth and Rauschenbach, of Mo.; Frs. Burke, Feeney and J. Smith, of N. Y.; Frs. C. Burns and Dietz, and Bro. Lawrence, of Ohio; Frs. Jos. McGinn and O'Melia, and Bro. Michael, of Pa.; Frs. John McGinn and O'Neil, of R. I.; Fr. Weber, of Wis.; Bro. Anselm, of England; Fr. Bauer, of Germany; Fr. Heemskerk, of Holland; and Fr. Tierney, of Ireland.

Central address:

Catholic Mission, Kongmoon,
Kwangtung Province, So. China

On With the Play—

But not on and on, thought Father Toomey as the third hour passed without an intermission in the theatricals to which he had been invited by the hierarchy of Sunwui. Then after another little while, Father Toomey began to care for the wide variety of acts, ranging from shadow-boxing to light opera, and long ere the finale (five and a half hours after the rising curtain), the visiting clergy was as sincere in his applause as the rest of the audi-

Home Again—

Returning to the Orient after a year's absence, Father Patrick J. Malone gives an entrancing picture of his little mission:

"It is well I remember the little group of Christians that gathered around me outside our Church over a year ago. They had often come before, but I was leaving them now to visit my mother and friends in Ireland and America. Parting is difficult, and as I stood there in the midst of that little crowd with my two dogs sitting at my feet, a strangeness came over me that I had never experienced before. And then I left Shak Chin where I had spent ten of the happiest years of my life.

"And here I am back home again after all those months of wandering. As I look out over my old creaking porch, I see the same little crowd of Christians and more, coming in to welcome me back. Here is the same old building and little chapel. There they are—the people going home from market along the narrow cobble-stone roads and carrying their merchandise as their ancestors did a thousand years ago. And here is the same old beggarman, A Min, shuffling across the golden rice fields. There are noises in the air—the familiar sound of the coolies moaning beneath their load, and the pagan girls singing their mountain songs as they carry home the brushwood. And sweetest of all, there is the laughter of children, and work for the salvation of pagan and Christian souls. Home again!"

False Accusations—

It is hard enough to be a leper, but add to that the false accusation of a robbery that carries with it a death penalty and you have a situation that is a bit beyond the average of human endurance. But the magistrate was willing to release the unfortunate if the *Shen Fu* (Spiritual Father) would go security for him. Father Donovan obtained the bail and was rewarded for his intervention, a few days later, when the released prisoner appeared in Church seeking instruction.

Establish a memorial for a loved one. One thousand dollars will build a country chapel.

HUNDRED DOLLARS WILL COVER HIS FARE AND EQUIPMENT.



THE MISSION: Prefecture of Wuchow, Kwangsi Province, South China, 30,000 square miles in area, the size of Maine. Population 5,000,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. B. F. Meyer, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Davenport, Ia.; Fr. Glass, of Cresco, Ia.; Bro. Francis, of Md.; Frs. Cunningham, Foley, Gilleran, Keelan, Lacroix, MacRae, Mulcahy, Regan and E. Toomey, of Mass.; Frs. T. Daley, Dempsey, Gilligan, Kupfer, McLoughlin, Romaniello and Schulz, of N. Y.; Fr. Sprinkle, of Ohio; Fr. P. Donnelly, of Pa.; and Fr. Tennien, of Vt.

Central address:

Catholic Mission, Wuchow,
Kwangsi, China

Famine—

The worst famine in ten years has been stalking menacingly throughout the Province of Kwangsi, during the past few months. Heavy floods, followed by a severe drought, ruined the rice crops and the root plants that are used as a substitute for rice. Under normal conditions in this sector, ten cents a day will keep a family of five from starvation, but the present famine has cut off not only the food supply, but the means of livelihood, as well.

Drilling for Souls—

There are those who would call it an indirect way, others, a painful way, yet an effectual way withal, Father Glass of Laipo has reason to believe, as he drills a path into the miniature Grand Canyons. Only by such a metaphor can he adequately describe the huge cavities that bring natives hurrying to his door at Middle Mountain Street, often late at night, seeking relief.

Gallons of oil of cloves might dull the pain, but frequently the "pull-teeth *Shen Fu*" must extricate the throbbing molar, bicuspid, or what have they, in order to give permanent relief. Father Glass now has forty-two of these pearly trophies, valued not through professional pride, but rather because they

represent as many prospective converts. The gratitude of these people, expressed as it is in Hunnanese, Cantonese, and Mandarin, is often but a prelude to an inquiry into and acceptance of the Faith.

Moving Over—

Growing pains is a mission disease as contagious as typhus, and the little town of Watlam has not escaped the epidemic. Father Sprinkle's six hundred parishioners try to crowd into a room twenty feet square, and the ninety per cent who are unsuccessful overflow into the yard. We are afraid that some of this number must have encroached upon the adjoining property, for its owner has offered his shop and land to the missioners at a reasonable figure. To raze the shack and to erect in its stead a church for the accommodation of a thousand people, a benefactor in the \$3,000 category is sought.

Lest this figure frighten some good-intentioned souls—strong in Faith, but weak in *yen*—their generosity may find an outlet in a donation of altar linens, bed linens, and bandages, all of which can be used for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.



THE MISSION: Prefecture of Peng Yang, Korea, 20,000 square miles in area, in size, half of Indiana. Population 2,800,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rev. W. R. Booth, *Administrator*, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Fr. L. Sweeney, of Conn.; Fr. Markham, of Ill.; Frs. Pospisich and Steinbach, of Iowa; Frs. Chisholm, Connors, Hunt, Pelouquin, Plunkett and M. Walsh, and Bros. Raymond and William, of Mass.; Frs. Petipren and Barron, of Mich.; Fr. Craig, of Minn.; Bro. Joseph, of N. J.; Frs. Borer, Carroll, Cleary, Gibbons, S. Hannon, Hardig, Nolan, Pardy and J. Ray, of N. Y.; Frs. Cappel and Kramar, of Ohio; and Fr. Duffy, of Ireland.

Central address:

Catholic Mission,
P.O. Box 23, Peng Yang,
Korea

Chaplain at Large—

Father Patrick Duffy works away in his hide-out at Kangkei. With this town as his home-base, he moves quietly in and around the neighboring villages, preaching, baptizing and ministering to the sick. Father Duffy is convinced that with the help of a catechist the number of converts in his section would be doubled—but so would the overhead.

Pyel Ha Village leads in the number of converts and is the logical location for a mission chapel. Five hundred dollars would enable the natives to attend Mass, roof-protected.

Catholic Action—

The rapid spread of the Faith in Peng Yang can be traced in some measure, to the animated and untiring efforts of twenty young men banded together as a Catholic Action group. Their chief activity is the visitation of homes—the tepid are incited to ways of zeal, and the unbelieving to an acceptance of the Truth.

Father Joseph Connors, of Pittsfield, Mass., writes of a few of their interesting converts:

"There is the case of a very elderly lady, a convert within the last five years. She is a self-appointed and efficient catechist, and is spending these remaining years of her life in spreading the Faith. She has lost count of the number of souls she has baptized in danger of death.

"A young girl of fourteen who attended our school became seriously ill. In answer to her request, the parents sent for a priest and it was edifying and consoling to hear the girl with her last breath, begging and pleading with her parents to be baptized."

Irresistible Youth—

In the A.B.C. language that they could understand, the Korean Kindergarten Kiddies of Chinnampo were asked to pray for the conversion of their parents. Peter Youn, a gentleman student of six winters and one less summer, appeared only mildly interested in this dull game—but his poker face screened an apostolic soul.

Several months later, a woman came to the mission and requested a doctrinal examination. She was so well prepared and recited the catechism so flawlessly that the astonished pastor inquired:

An Installment Plan

Send in ten names for enrollment in a group Perpetual Membership with your first offering of two dollars. Payments of two dollars may be sent each month until the fifty dollar offering has been completed.

Address: Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll, New York

"What brought you into the Catholic Church?"

"My little boy Peter pestered me so continuously, I had to come," was the half-evasive reply.

Then Mr. Youn began to wonder why his wife and child were so happy, especially when they were on their way to Church. He began by trailing them there, but gradually his manly strides caught up with them, and now they can all be seen walking down the aisle together every Sunday.



THE MISSION: The field about Lake Biwa, Japan. Population 1,000,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Very Rev. P. J. Byrne, *Superior*, of Washington, D. C.; Fr. Witte, of Ind.; Bro. Clement of Kan.; Frs. Briggs, J. Daly, Mackesy, and Morris, of Mass.; Frs. McKillop and Whitlow, of N. Y.; Fr. Boeslugg, of N. D.; Bro. Thaddeus, of Ohio; and Fr. Felsecker of Wis.

Central address:

Maryknoll Fathers,
53 Nishiki, Otsu, Japan

Getting Together—

"East is East, and East is also West, despite Kipling," writes Father Everett F. Briggs, philosophizing on the similarities shared by the two civilizations.

"Color, clime and thought-life may differ, but even now, I begin to feel as though I am in no strange land. Daughter in the street has brought me running to the window, thinking to see old friends from home. Here, too, as among you, I have seen a father bowed in fervent prayer, and a mother clasp her

THE FIELD AFAR, Maryknoll

child in deathless love, blind as all mothers are to the fact that her little one is perhaps the greatest tyrant in the world.

"Or again, after some highly unsuccessful venture to make Jesus known, I return to my little wood and paper house through dark and rain-swept streets, without so much as seeing one bright shop window, with its cheery trays of pink and greenish cakes. I may be quite convinced that the world is out of joint, until my sliding-door creaks in its grooves, and old granny who prides herself on being my cook, smiles 'Welcome, master!' through her jet black teeth—for then I am home again.

"If East and West are not yet friends, at least they have struck up an acquaintance, which promises to blossom into friendship when people everywhere have learned that there is no place in the world for 'downside uppishness.' We feel the need today of getting together as never before, and there is, perhaps, no place better adapted to it than Japan, where the East and West have met on a hundred fronts."

Jizo—

Will Guardian Angels ever displace Jizo?

In an unpretentious temple in the heart of Tokyo, a large statue of Jizo, the pagan patron of children, is enthroned. Reproduced in ten thousand stone images, two feet high, he stands or squats, each right hand clutching a staff, and each left hand, a gem.

In the twelfth year of the Meiji (some time ago!), Jizo was conceived in the mind of the pagan priest Yamada. He chose 48,000 as the ultimate output of these images, not because he liked doing things in a big way, but because that number has a special significance to Buddhists. At the present rate of production however, seven hundred years will have passed before the wish of the founder is realized.

But why Jizo has been called the patron of children is hard to discover, as even the guides are a little vague on the subject. It is true that they are donated by parents in memory of their deceased children, but what particular attraction Jizo has for living youngsters is something for the Japan-knollers to find out.

TEN DIMES WILL SUPPORT A MISSIONER FOR ONE DAY. YOU



FUSHUN

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Fushun, Manchukuo, 37,000 square miles in area, the size of Kentucky. Population 2,500,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. R. A. Lane, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Lawrence, Mass.; Fr. J. J. Walsh, of Conn.; Fr. Kaschmitter, of Idaho; Fr. Geselbracht, of Ill.; Fr. Hewitt, of Md.; Frs. Comber, Gilbert, Henry, A. Murphy and E. Ryan, of Mass.; Fr. Hohlfeld, of Neb.; Fr. Quirk, of N. H.; Frs. Escalante, Flick, Haggerty, J. O'Donnell and Zienna, and Bros. Benedict and Peter, of N. Y.; Fr. Clarence Burns, of Ohio; Frs. G. Donovan and Mulien, of Pa.; Fr. Weis, of Wis.; Fr. Jacques, of Canada; and Fr. J. McCormack, of Ireland.

Central address:
Catholic Mission, Fushun,
Manchukuo

The Interest, Not the Principal Of the Thing—

Border cities are usually interesting places, and Antung is particularly so. When Father John J. Walsh opened the Japanese-Korean parish there, he knew only Japanese; but fortunately, most of the children and some of the adults among the Korean Christians, who form the greater part of the congregation, could speak Japanese. The considerate pastor writes to us in our own language:

"Polymorphous are most of our new parishes. The chrysalis stage is the hired house, a heart breaker for the new missioner who feels the confinement a trifle suffocating. To enlarge, I was forced to take a chance; and beginner's luck brought promising results. A business man in Antung listened to my story about a good buy, took a look at the proposition in real (estate) life, a more loving look at the three thousand dollars I had struggled to accumulate over the years, and then offered to loan the rest at decent interest for a period of five years. Five years will pass quickly, and interest seems to follow 'the law of avalanche.' A hearty 'God bless you' to anyone offering to share the responsibility."

WILL HARDLY MISS THEM.

Divine Discontent—

An ecclesiastical gem sparkling in the foothills of the Ch'iao Tou Mountains is a far cry from the dingy rented shop that housed Christ the King a year ago in this Japanese section of Manchukuo. Then, He had only a dozen subjects, but now, over four hundred crowd before His throne. A one-room rectory and a temporary school complete this real-estate development. Father Escalante is impatient to see it quadruplicated in the adjacent villages. The town of Penishu is particularly alluring, but land values there are steeper than the surrounding mountains, and of a height not to be scaled by a crippled mission purse. Every second Sunday our hopeful missioner can be seen hiking in this direction, the while he plans and plots.

Yeast is Yeast—

In Fushun, English is heard more, perhaps, than any other foreign language. Even some of the newspapers are set up in bilingual columns, giving the news in Oriental characters together with an English translation.

Father Hohlfeld tells us that if the English-speaking visitor to Ch'a Kou is willing to restrict his activities to dining and ball playing, he need fear no embarrassment because of a lack of knowledge of the native tongue. But he must be willing to confine his diet to pie, cheese, coffee, cake, and baking powder, and his athletics to the game of basketball in which the signals are always called in English.

One of Father Hohlfeld's American visitors went into a grocery store and asked for yeast by the name he found in the Japanese dictionary. In reply, the sales-clerk gave him a puzzled look. The customer pointed to the article on the shelf. Said the clerk, in perfect English, "Oh, you mean yeast."

MARYKNOLL AMONG OUR JAPANESE

THE MISSIONERS, Los Angeles:

Fr. Lavery, of Conn.; Bros. Paul and Theophane, of Mass.; Bro. Ambrose, of Holland. Address: Maryknoll Fathers, 426 So. Boyle Ave.

THE MISSIONERS, Seattle:

Fr. Tibesar, of Ill.; Fr. Joyce and Bro. Adrian, of Mass.; Bro. Charles, of N. Y. Address: Maryknoll Fathers, 1603 E. Jeffereson St.

WRITE FOR A DIME CARD.

Good Deed for the Day—

"Maryknollers were screened in Hollywood," writes Father Hugh Lavery, "but only from the mosquitoes, when Brother Theophane and his Boy Scouts were given a dinner there as the guests of His Grace, Archbishop Cantwell. The dinner was the Archbishop's gracious way of thanking the Scouts for the work they had done at the time of his installation."

Another Shot—

Slightly worried because of the gangster tendencies prevalent among the boy students in the Seattle Grade School, Father Tibesar was warning the youngsters of the danger in playing with guns and pistols, and forbidding them to bring these toy weapons to school. Finally, one youngster, unable to bear the false accusation longer, replied: "But, Father, I'm going to be a policeman when I grow up."

MARYKNOLL IN MANILA

THE MISSIONERS:

Rev. W. A. Fletcher, of Fall River, Mass.; Frs. A. Hannon and J. R. Hughes, of N. Y. Address: St. Rita's Hall, Taft Ave., Manila, P. I.

The First Priest—

St. Rita's Hall is justly proud of its first alumnus to be ordained a priest. This honored son, Father Crispin Ruiz, had studied medicine and had passed the board examination with high honors, before beginning his studies for the priesthood. Of necessity, he had to make this preparation with boys of high-school age, but with his ready adaptability and sincere humility, he became one—and one most popular—with his classmates. Bishop McCloskey of the Jaro Diocese, observed him closely during this period, and found him to be above the average in spirituality and intelligence. He was ordained in March of this year.

Father Crispin's lively interest in Filipino students must be an inspiration to them. May he be but the first in a long line of such splendid priestly sons of Maryknoll in Manila!

See page 228 for Maryknoll Want Ads.



Left: At Maryknoll a silver lining shines through even a hot summer sky.

Below: Facing East.

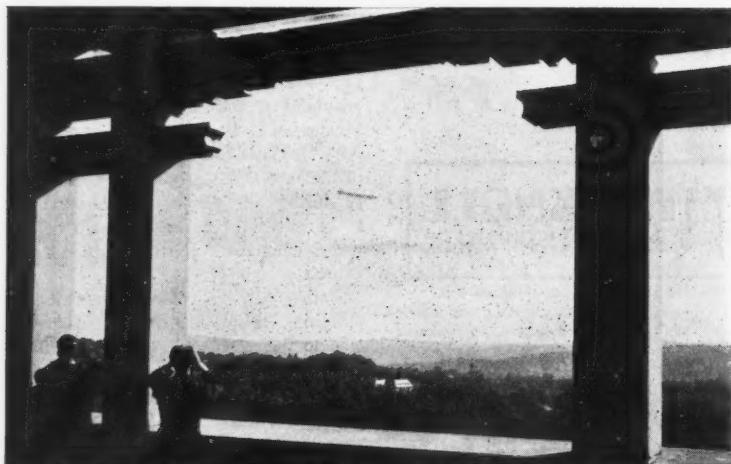


EPARTURE Sunday is July 25, which means that all during July the Home Knoll buzzes excitedly over this greatest event of the year.

The morning after ordination, date of which was June 16 and not June 13 as we had planned,

there was the beautiful function at the Knoll of First Masses by all the new priests. Each has his chapel or oratory—as best we can arrange—where folks and friends gather for the new levite's simple but memorable dawn-hour at the Altar of Sacrifice.

Then all scatter, and there is the First Solemn Mass at home, the few precious weeks with the



ADD TO YOUR DAILY PRAYERS ONE "HAIL MARY" FOR ALL

Knoll Notes

Time Out for Summer Time

family, and back to Maryknoll for the official farewell.

Bishop James Edward Walsh will preside this year, his first experience at this task. Monsignor Hunt of Detroit will preach at the Departure Ceremony which begins at seven in the evening. If you are near enough to come we shall give you a hearty welcome.

Perhaps you are lying on the sand as you read this—we have heard of stranger things than bringing THE FIELD AFAR to the seashore! If you are on vacation you will probably be tempted to ask, "What does the Maryknoller do when the sun gets hot?"

The answer in the case of the missioners of the line is the same as for all folk who have a serious purpose in life—they keep right on working. Each takes a few weeks as breathing space every year and goes to some quiet spot outside his own station, while every three years he is advised to take a little longer stretch and seek a change of air by journeying a few days from the scene of his labors.

In the houses of study in the homeland, we do as all sensible people do who are engaged in the business of stuffing their heads—we stop regular class work for a special regime. In the preparatory schools there is a dash for home and a summer spent filling some catch-dollar job or whiling away the days with the family.

In the major seminary there is only one month at home, but the summer weeks at the Knoll are geared for rest. There is a period of silence daily which serves for reading or other pursuits; there is a stretch of manual labor; and there are hours of leisure for sports, walks, or day dreaming in the quiet loveliness of Maryknoll's fields or woodlands.



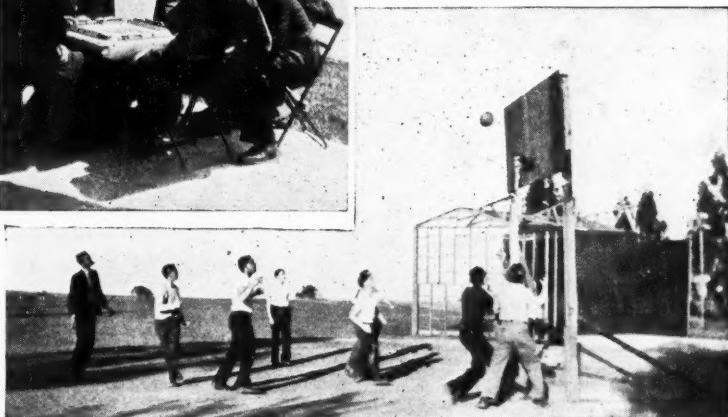
Sports of all kinds fill the summer-time leisure hours.

Summer helps keep the doctor away. Which prompts us, now that another school year is ended, to thank the corps of doctors, linked with all our houses, for their devoted services, frequently given gratis and always with great sacrifice. Bedford, Clarks Summit, Cincinnati and Los Altos all have doctor friends who merit our public gratitude.

At the Home Knoll, the group is exceptionally excellent. Ossining physicians and surgeons who have long been friends are: Doctors Sweet, Huntington, and Bloom; while Doctor Edgerton at St. Francis Hospital, Doctor Bercovicz, a specialist in Oriental diseases, Doctors Farrell and Groedl of New York, have all played a part in caring for our sickbed Maryknollers. Doctor Flagg has for years given his time most generously for the medical training of the seminarians. Doctor Lynch has cared for our eyes, Doctor Perrault for our noses and throats, Doctor Foley for our teeth. God

bless the Maryknoll doctors!

As we go to press there is great



news from our headliner in summer news—Camp Venard. The enrollment is as never before, and Father John F. Walsh, the director, is asking himself where he is going to cram in all his youngsters.

If you would like to feel envious, run down to the Pennsylvania hills—eight miles out of Scranton—and peep in at the rollicking good time these boys are having.

MISSIONERS, PARTICULARLY THOSE WHO GO OUT FROM AMERICA.

Our World of Missions



OREA now takes its place among the mission countries in which a portion of the territory has been confided to the native clergy. The Holy See has marked off a section of the southern part of the peninsula, has assigned it the title of Prefecture of Zenshu, and has arranged to give Korean priests entire responsibility for the welfare of the Church within its confines.

This is not surprising when we realize that, today, there are more Korean priests than foreign missionaries working in the country. French, German, American and Irish priests, these last the latest to arrive, number a bare hundred while the Korean clergy mounts steadily above the hundred point.

The new prefecture is a division of the Vicariate of Taikou and is an achievement of Bishop Demange, of the Paris Foreign Mission Society. Thus, less than 100 years after the arrival of the first ecclesiastical ruler—Bishop Imbert, who was martyred in 1839—the Paris Missionaries have been able to give way to native sons.

Another portion of the Vicariate of Taikou has been erected into the Prefecture of Kwozsu and confided to the St. Columban Missioners who began work in Korea several years ago. The country now has six ecclesiastical divisions.

Our good wishes to the new Korean Prefecture, to the Paris Missioners to whom it owes life, to the St. Columban Missioners, our new companions in Korea!

Sympathy to Bishop Hayasaka—

We extend our sympathy to Bishop Januarius Hayasaka, who has been forced to give up his valiant fight to remain active. He has resigned as Bishop of Nagasaki and has been named by Rome to the Titular See of Filomelio. He has been ill for several years.

Bishop Hayasaka is the first son of Japan to be raised to the episcopacy. On the southern tip of Japan lies Naga-

saki with its celebrated Christians who guarded the Faith in secret for two centuries and a half. Bishop Hayasaka was brought from the northern city of Sendai to be leader here when the Diocese was erected in 1927. Pope Pius XI made the gracious gesture of consecrating him in person at St. Peter's in Rome.

Admiration in High Places—

A love of missions among the Church's leaders, with Pope Pius the most fervent advocate of them all, has become characteristic of our times.

We discovered, recently, a passage worth quoting in a letter written by Archbishop Hinsley of London: "Some people may say that I am mad about the missions. So I am! One infinitely greater than my poor self was called mad about His Mission. He has given me a wee bit of the like madness about the same cause."

Bishop Griffin of Springfield, Illinois, is among America's most enthusiastic mission champions. "The missionaries," he said recently in a letter to his people, "are the torch bearers of Divine Truth. They are the Christophers—the Christ-bearers—who carry the living Christ to all races, down all the ages to the end of time. Therefore, we must support them to the very limit. We must sustain them to the very end. Our perennial prayer and our gracious generosity should follow the missionaries who are away from home so that we may share in the heroic sacrifices which they are making in the battle for the salvation of souls."

For the latest of the Sisters' departure ceremonies, Monsignor Lavelle, beloved dean of the New York Archdiocesan clergy and Rector of the Cathedral, gave an address in which his feelings got the better of him, and he found

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THE FIELD AFAR, Maryknoll

Our note pages on men and things missionary

himself brushing the tears away. "To my mind," he said among many other things, "the missionaries are the aristocracy of the Church. They are doing a work which is the most useful, the most glorious, the most worthy. We know that where there is no growth, there is stagnation. Every soul won, whether at home or abroad, is another seed planted and capable of bearing fruit tenfold, a hundredfold!"

Accomplishment—

Generous people must feel serene at death; despite their failings, God has received unstintingly from them all that they had to give.

And hence, we picture the deaths of mission Sisters as happy deaths. We have just read of two members of our American Sisterhoods overseas who have passed away.

Sister M. Rachel, O.S.B., was the first American Benedictine to die in China. Her dying words invoked blessings on the Chinese people and all those laboring in the mission field.

The account of the death in Northern Siam of Mother Mary of the Ursulines, of Kirkwood, Missouri, is beautiful indeed. The reading of it makes us appreciate the nobility of a selfless consecration that carries women across the ocean for souls, with the intention of never returning to the mother country.

The Bishop of Scranton—

We hope that by the time these lines appear Bishop O'Reilly of Scranton will be well again. He has made a good fight against sickness for some years.

We have always been encouraged by his strong advocacy of missions. Only last April, he issued a mission letter to his people, a significant paragraph of which read:

"Our people love the missions and appreciate the heroic sacrifices of the missionaries; they are proud of being able to share in their labors by giving them spiritual and material support. We know of small parishes where the leadership of a pastor and the zeal of promoters succeed in enlisting the entire

support of the congregation. If a like interest were manifested in most of our parishes, the material aspect of our missionary task would no longer cause anxiety."

"One Sole Priesthood Essentially Missionary"—

Pope Pius XI, speaking to 5,000 priests gathered before him last winter during the Second International Congress of the Missionary Union of the Clergy, said many things about priests and missions. The following is an example:

"The priesthood of Christ is a priesthood essentially missionary, as the characterizing phrase 'Missus a Patre' describes it, and as He Himself proclaimed it every time that He spoke of His mission—'Missus a Patre.'

"Now the mission of the Apostles is linked with that same divine mission which Christ received from the Father: 'As the father hath sent me I also send you.'

"Behold Jesus the first missionary; behold the priesthood of Christ an apostolic priesthood; behold the apostolate of every bishop in its flawless vitality, behold one sole priesthood in the Church, essentially missionary. The very simplicity of the idea is a measure of its sublimity."

Calculating Enemies—

On second thought, the Russian Anti-God leaders have decided it wiser to employ more strategy and less force in dethroning religion.

Stalin is quoted as saying recently: "We consider all religion as our worst enemy. The struggle against religion must be carried on relentlessly. There can be no compromise with religion whose aims are basically opposed to ours. We may change our tactics in the struggle against religion. Violence was used during the past twenty years, but now intellectual means must be adopted. The final stage will be reached when religion will only exist as a thing of past history. This is our goal."

This carefully calculated opposition, faces the Church not only in the West but in Asia, Africa, and Oceania. It is a missionary problem and the missionary answers the Communist in the soundest possible manner, namely, by going with a message to the man the

With Eternal Value

A suggestion for a memorial to perpetuate the memory of a loved one: a student's room in the Maryknoll Seminary, \$500.

Communist seeks to win rather than by waiting until the Communist has done his work and then expending energies trying to refute him.

Yearly, missionaries are bringing half a million adults into the Church. While this goes on, the Church can never be branded as a moribund institution desperately on the defensive. We are driving forward.

"First Weapon for the Conquest of the World"—

Archbishop Goodier, S.J., formerly of Bombay and now in London, has written for *The Medical Missionary* an absorbing article, "Jesus and the Sick." He emphasizes for us once again the place of major importance which Christ gave in His apostolate to the relief of

suffering.

"After all," concluded His Grace, "intense servants of God and man are inclined to leave their own reward alone. . . . When they look to Him for an inspiration as to what He would have them do, the first lesson is that they should care for the blind and the lame, the deaf and the sick, the leper and the lunatic. By this He made His own way into the hearts of men; by it He assured His disciples that they would do the same.

"Caring for the sick is His first weapon for the conquest of the world, and that because it is the first and most direct act of charity, the most manifest proof of our love, alike for Him and for our fellowmen. Other things are necessary, teaching, organizing, training in the various ways of life; but caring for the sick was our Lord's first way, by it He proved to those poor folk of Galilee that He cared for them every one."



His Excellency, Most Rev. Mario Zanin, Apostolic Delegate to China, with the young Duke Kung Teh-King, a direct descendant of Confucius. Another descendant of Confucius is a Catholic priest—Rev. Joseph Kung—belonging to the Vicariate of Chengtingfu in the Province of Hopeh.

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS



HAT let's do?"

These provocative words of childhood are born of pent-up energy and postponed mischief.

The "What let's do's" can happen at any hour and in any season, although they do seem to be on especially good terms with the good old summer time. They often serve as the *Open Sesame* to the *Pleasant Land of Play*—because the authorities, the big folks, see what is a-foot and they hand over the key that unlocks the gate to this Ever-Ever Land which all little folks everywhere know how to find.

But to what use can this prankish propensity be put in the grave business of saving souls? Don't you know? Can't you guess?

Then you ought, you definitely ought, to be told about "the apostolate of the picnic."

Back at the Home Knoll from China with eighteen years of mission experience, the Father General of Maryknoll, Bishop James E. Walsh, advises missionaries-in-the-making at the Mother-

Right: Sister Rose Genevieve Koll, of Belpre, Kan., on an outing with Sodality girls in Korea.

Below: The orphans at Loting, South China, enjoy a picnic supper.



house to take their charges on little picnics. On the mission field, it is being done. At home, part of the training for future mission teachers is "scouting," wherein the technique of picnicking is developed into a fine art.

Why picnics? Well, what do you do on a picnic? Enjoy yourself; be yourself. So do other folks in other places—Sodality girls in Korea, Japanese children in Los Angeles and Manchukuo, Chinese orphans in Loting. And the value of a picnic is enhanced when, as among the country folks in the Orient, pleasures and privileges are few

and far between.

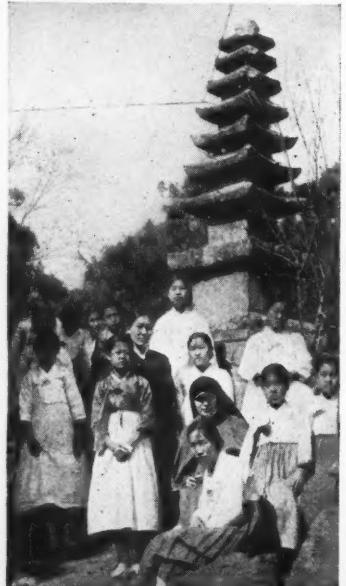
Formality, even when most natural and gracious, makes for masquerade. And so, on picnics, which deal somewhat summarily with ceremony, the missioner can learn much about racial traits, individual characteristics, local customs. When the more ponderous properties are laid aside, those ways which the people more dearly treasure, which they desire in themselves and require of others, and which they never put off, are etched in bold, clear and instructive lines for the education of the missioner.

On a picnic, "the foreigner" can express in a homely and intimate way, her desire to be one with her adopted people, to live their way, to share their pleasures, to cater to their tastes. As she learns their manners, they learn her motives. And both scarcely realize that they are being taught.

Most important of all, since human beings the world over know that it is natural to seek our recreation among those whom we love, she speaks without words her appreciation of and satisfaction in their companionship. And this is a sincere and subtle compliment which leaves no age, no nationality, wholly untouched.

—S.J.M.

Below: Children from Maryknoll's Home for Japanese in Los Angeles lunch and frolic in the park.



A MARYKNOLL SISTER CAN LIVE ON A DOLLAR A DAY.



Sister Mary Eva Burke, of Cambridge, Mass., gives her Sunday School class in Manchukuo an outlet for pent-up energy and postponed mischief.

News Notes

OPENING in July, the third General Chapter of the Maryknoll Sisters is taking place at the Motherhouse. Delegates—twenty-four in all—from China, Korea, Manchukuo, the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, as well as from the houses in the United States, will attend. Some of those from the most distant places began their journey home in May. For most, it will be their first home-coming since their assignment to the mission field.

As the Sisters go to the Orient with the hope and understanding of remaining there for life, it is particularly desirable that the General Chapter be held at the Motherhouse—the central link in the chain which all form in the work of Christ.

The delegates from the Orient and the coast houses are:

From China: Srs. Paul McKenna, Virginia Marie Lynn, Patricia Coughlin.

From Korea and Manchukuo: Srs. Sylvester Collins, Eunice Tolan, Juliana Bedier.

From the Philippine Islands: Srs. Trinita Logue, Redempta Coffey, Colman Coleman.

From the Hawaiian Islands: Srs. Felicia Clarke, Regis McKenna, Ephrem Griffin.

From the Pacific Coast: Srs. Martina Bridgeman, Judith Tivnan, Esther Coffey.

*C*on June thirtieth, a reception and profession ceremony was held at the Maryknoll Sisters' Motherhouse. Thirteen postulants received the habit and eleven novices made their first vows.

*S*isters Candida Maria and Monica Marie, who opened the first convent on Sancian Island last March, are conducting a school for girls—also the first on the island—besides their dispensary, and catechetical work.

At the Cloister

MARYKNOLL'S Cloistered Sisters have an established record of praise for their skill in the making of HOSTS. Fresh Altar Breads are baked, cut and packed daily for mailing to Churches and Convents anywhere within a radius of 300 miles from Maryknoll.

A nominal charge for Hosts forms the chief source of revenue for the Cloister. Further patronage is solicited.

For information address:
The Maryknoll Cloister,
Maryknoll, N. Y.

Maryknoll Sisters—

is the popular designation of the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Inc. (legal title). In its origin the community goes back to the early days of Maryknoll. The Holy See gave its final approval in 1920. Mother Mary Joseph is the Mother General, heading the present body of 467 professed Sisters, 60 novices, and 15 postulants. There are 231 Sisters in overseas mission work, 44 working among Orientals in America, and 82 are engaged by the Maryknoll Fathers in administration work and in domestic work in their seminaries. A recent development in the Sisters' community is a cloistered group.

Central Addresses—

Motherhouse and administration: *Maryknoll, N. Y.*

Pacific Coast: *425 South Boyle Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.*

South China: *103 Austin Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong.*

Shanghai, China: *Mercy Hospital, Pei Chiao, Near Ming Hong.*

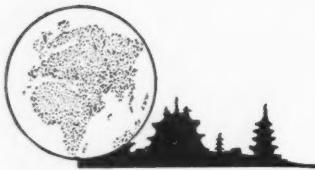
Manchukuo: *Tenshudo, Dairen, Manchukuo.*

Korea: *257 Sangsukuri, Tenshudo, Heijo, Korea.*

Philippines: *St. Mary's Hall, Manila, P. I.*

Hawaii: *1722 Dole St., Honolulu.*

SPONSOR ONE AND SHARE IN THE FRUITS OF HER APOSTOLATE.



Maryknoll Mission Education Bureau



MISSION BIBLIOGRAPHY

SINCE we complain of the little of a worth-while nature that is written on Catholic missions, it is good that we are able to get the maximum from all that appears through a thorough-going, world-wide recording of every book, pamphlet and worth-while magazine article in a scientific bibliography now prepared in Rome.

A generation ago in Germany, an able priest and trained bibliographer, Doctor Streit, O.M.I., undertook the herculean task of scouring the libraries of the world for all works bearing on missions. The result was the *Bibliotheca Missionum* in ten immense volumes, all of which are not yet off the press though Doctor Streit has passed to his reward.

The helper of Doctor Streit was Father John Dindinger, likewise a German Oblate, who is now librarian of the Pontifical Mission Library in Rome and who is overseeing the publication of Doctor Streit's work. At the same time, he and his assistant, Father Rommerskirchen, O.M.I., are carefully continuing the listing of contemporary mission books and articles. These were published from 1910 until recently in a German mission quarterly, the *Zeitschrift des Missionswissenschaft*. From January 1, 1933, however, they have been published by the Missionary Union of the Clergy in Rome. The volume for 1936 has just come to hand—*Bibliografia Missionaria* 1936, Missionary Union of the Clergy for Italy, Via di Propaganda I C, Rome. It comprises 108 pages listing books and articles on Catholic missions, a fair number of which are in English.

MISSION BOOKS IN REVIEW

Damien The Leper. By John Farrow. New York: Sheed and Ward. \$2.50.

A captain and two lieutenants from an American gunboat visited the Maryknoll leper asylum in South China recently. The group came without warn-

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3. **Entertainment and Lecture Section—** offers some twenty-five plays, mission movies and stereopticon lectures. Write for catalogue.
4. **School Section—** is at the service of all primary and secondary school teachers. Father Chin who heads this section endeavors to interest the children in missions through the Maryknoll Junior Club and our young folks' magazine, *The Maryknoll Junior*.
5. **Reference and Research Service—** will provide you with bibliographies, subject reading references, statistics, photos and general mission information.

ing upon Doctor Bagalawis of the Philippines—volunteer helper—cutting off the rotted foot of an inmate, and one of the lieutenants fainted in a heap. Doctor took time out to revive him and went on with his operation.

Father Damien at Molokai was at home in this atmosphere. He amputated rotted limbs, washed sores, ministered to the dying, buried the dead. It is estimated that he made over 2,000 coffins. Greatest feat of a leper worker, he learned to bear the odors. "The smell of their filth, mixed with the exhalation of their sores," he wrote, "was simply disgusting, unbearable for a newcomer."

Some among the Maryknollers feel a kinship with Damien, for they aspire to continue the labors of which he is the most celebrated exponent in modern times. Hence at Maryknoll this work of John Farrow, masterly in its language and powerfully vigorous in its portrayal of the man, has been hailed with special interest. The seminarians have just finished it in public spiritual reading.

But none among the Knollers, and may God spare all of them, have yet

had the experience of beginning a sermon to his stricken flock with the words, "We lepers." It was thus that this priest announced that he had contracted the disease, *the death before death*, which was to befoul his sturdy body until God mercifully took from it his noble soul.

Vocations. By the late Rev. William Doyle, S.J. Dublin: Irish Messenger. Price twopence.

This is the twenty-first edition of this short work by the saintly chaplain of Irish forces during the World War. A quarter of a million copies are now in circulation.

While treating of vocations in general, the call to the missions gets its place on page thirty-three where Father Doyle quotes Our Lord particularly in reference to the mission field when He says, "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few." Father Doyle cites missionaries in India, Africa, and China who plead for more priests.

The Young Moslem Looks at Life. By Murray T. Titus. New York: Friendship Press, 1937. Cloth 1.00; paper .60.

Since 1910, Murray T. Titus, D.D., Ph.D., has been a non-Catholic missionary among the Moslems of North India. He is also associate editor of *The Moslem World*, and has contributed "Indian Islam," published in 1930, to the Religious Quest of India series.

In his dedication and preface, Dr. Titus presents his book primarily to young people for reading and study. The author is sincere and his knowledge of Moslem life is no doubt accurate, but some of his judgments and statements should be qualified and interpreted. This is especially true with regard to his misinformation and lack of understanding regarding things Catholic. To take one example: In speaking of Moslem's dervish orders (Moslem "mystic" brotherhoods), Dr. Titus states: "They are

very similar to the religious orders or brotherhoods in the Roman Catholic Church, such as the Dominicans and Franciscans."

There is nothing farther removed from Dominicans, Franciscans, and the rest of the Catholic monastic world than performing dervishes. The ascetic and mystic principles of Catholic spiritual life alone are in direct contradiction to the admittedly emotional and fanatical "mysticism" of Moslem dervishes. There is nothing so chastening to uncontrolled emotional display and fanaticism than the plain, everyday Rule of the Catholic monk. Monasteries, begging and poverty these vastly different bodies of monks and dervishes may have in common, but there the outward resemblance ends—there is no spiritual comparison at all, and therefore, a sweeping, unqualified comparison is absolutely discredited. "The habit does not make the monk."

We cannot agree with Dr. Titus on the implications derogative to the Catholic Church suggested by his several remarks regarding the Crusades, nor his misinterpretation of what he understands as the despotic spirit of the Middle Ages. We suggest a reading of Hilaire Belloc's latest book, "The Crusades," and the Catholic Encyclopedia on these questions.

Dr. Titus brings out and admirably confutes, on page 170, a point which in various forms and phases of life, occasions serious misunderstanding. It is the ancient error, ever recurring, of fastening the faults and shortcomings of individuals on the institutions or sects of which they are unworthy members.

As a source of first-hand information regarding the Moslem, the book is to be recommended. Its style is direct, simple and readily understandable.

What is this Moslem World? By Charles R. Watson. New York: Friendship Press. Cloth \$1; paper .60.

Islam is at this time passing through a crisis. A spirit of atheism and indifference is creeping in from the modern western world, torn as it is by ferment and revolution. Moslem traditions—such as the caliphate, the ancient bondage of women, the fez and veil—are being abandoned; the ideals of Panislamism and Panarabism are fading before political and national in-

See inside back cover for new
Maryknoll Play Catalogue.

dividualism. This crisis offers an unusual opportunity for missionaries to step in and present the faith of Christ.

Dr. Charles R. Watson, minister of the Presbyterian Church and for years head of the American University at Cairo, has had unusual opportunities for close acquaintance with Moslems.

However, when Dr. Watson handles the question of Islam's contact with Christendom he slips into a few of the old pitfalls of error. Stating that the Crusades are directly responsible for the Moslems' contempt for Christians and Christianity he remarks that "... the crusades were in essence a denial of Christ."

In the seventh chapter, "The Christian Missionary Movement," Dr. Watson gives a very incomplete view of mission work among the Moslems. The part played by Roman Catholic missionaries does not receive a fair showing, and the author seemed to intend the inclusion of the Church since St. Francis Xavier and St. Francis of Assisi are both mentioned. Students of Missiology wishing to supplement this chapter will find ample material and bibliography in Schmidlin's "Catholic Mission History."

The last chapter outlines what Christianity can do to serve the Moslem world in the future. The plan is of course adapted to non-Catholic principles and ideals, but it glows with the zeal which animates the author.

CATHOLIC ACTION

CATHOLIC Action, as the Holy Father has indicated, proceeds from the starting point of well-organized study groups. Before a question is tackled in action, it requires tackling in the mind.

May we suggest what would prove a vital example of worth while effort on the part of various Catholic Action and Study Clubs? We mean, of course, missions—both home and foreign—which are the primary form of Catholic Action for which the Catholic Church was founded, i.e., the winning of all souls, both Christian and pagan.

As a general rule, non-Catholic Christian sects in the United States have made it a point for many years past, by study and mutual assistance, to know and keep in touch with pagan lands, pagan peoples, and their own missionaries. Non-Catholic Christians, young and old, if they are "church-goers" at all, really study their mission problems; they have organizations in their churches for this specific purpose. It is a challenge to us as Catholics to know our missions and act upon our knowledge.

How about suggesting the topic *missions* to your Catholic Action or Study Group this summer, if only as a change from the usual program pursued?

Date.....

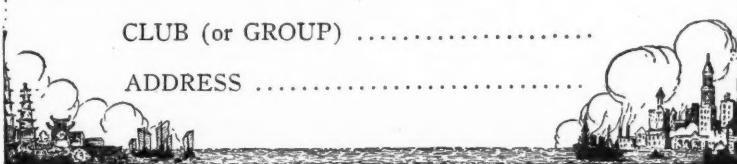
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MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

Please send us material and information for the study of foreign missions in Eastern Asia; regarding ways and means to help foreign missions in Eastern Asia

NAME

CLUB (or GROUP)

ADDRESS



AND THE NEXT GENERATION WILL SEE GREAT GROWTH IN THE CHURCH.



RAINY DAY DOINGS



Boys and girls are invited to solve the *Mission Mysteries* below. Send solutions with name, address, and age to Father Chin, Maryknoll, N. Y. Prizes for best solutions.

The Manchu-Knoller, a Maryknoll Mission paper, considers the following, "Ice Cream a la Robinhood":

"Ice from a brook in the forest with sugar, this was Major Wei's idea of ice cream, according to Fr. Burns. The Major, however, could not understand how Father could drink cold water and have a 'weak' stomach. Hunger is the best sauce indeed."

Name the country in which the above took place; give the paragraph an appropriate and original title.

CLUE: Father Burns was captured by bandits in February 1936; escaped in November 1936.



Sister Marie Marcelline, a Maryknoll Sister missioner, writes:

"Another very interesting adventure came to me in the form of a *sampan* sail on the Kaying River last week. We were three Sisters, on our way to a Christian family in a thoroughly pagan town. Most of these people had never seen Sisters before; many did not even know a race other than their own. While I was sitting on a grass mat, in the bottom of the boat, a woman came to me, took my hand and began to brush my hand and arm, asking in puzzled fashion: 'Is your skin really that white, or is it paint that makes it that color?' When we landed on the other shore, we were followed by school-children who wanted to know if we were a troupe of players!"

"Returning home, while on board a ferry, a beggar came to sing one of the songs such as people of his profession cleverly make up—jungle style. He was blind in one eye, but his ears were attuned to rhythm, judging from the tunes he played on his Chinese bone sticks. He preluded his ditty by asking everyone to open their hearts, especially the three 'virgins, who sat

DRAGON-RAIN

A Chinese Myth

WHEN silver spears of summer rain
Cataract down the hills and plain,
There is wagging of heads; the awed
refrain:
"The honorable Dragons are warring
again—
The Dragon dragoons are fighting
again!"

Then thunder-cymbals roll and crash,
Then smoke-screen clouds with jagged
gash
Are rent by the red sword-lightning
flash.
"The honorable Dragons are off! They
dash
To the war in the sky! How the weap-
ons clash!

"Have you never been told of this very
strange thing—
How the Dragons each summer fight
their King?
Have you never seen Dragons, how
they look
Like monsters who hide in a fairy
book?
One wears wings and one has horns,
Purple whiskers another adorns.
Some Dragons stretch out for ten thou-
sand miles!
Others brave only a silkworm's wiles!
One boasts the mountain eagle's claws;
Another, the fierce striped tiger's paws.
Have you never heard told of these

Dragons bold
With their fire-eyes and scales green-
gold?
But the Dragon King, oh, the Dragon
King!
He is the one who will always bring
The rain, the rain, the summer rain
To silver-wash the gold rice grain!"

When silver spears of summer rain
Avalanche down the hills and plain,
There is wagging of heads, the whis-
pered refrain:
"The honorable Dragons are fighting
again!
The Dragons are fighting their King
again!"

—Marie Fischer

there, so happy and peaceful.' To our embarrassment, he went on composing 'verses' mostly about us."

Name the mission district and country in which Tungshiek is situated; cut out and mount one of the illustrations on this page, which recalls some person or thing mentioned in Sister's letter. Or, write a brief account of a boating experience which you yourself have had.

CLUE: Sister studied at the Maryknoll Tungshiek Language School.



Something else to puzzle about:

"Saiho (pronounced Sigh-ho), is only a name and a lugubrious one to you, but not so to us. To us it means an edifice of brick and stone, seated on a slight knoll, the best Maryknoll tradition, facing a line of hills to the westward, flanked by rice fields, with a pine grove and another line of hills to the rear. The aforesaid house that Jack did not build, Brother William did. It serves as a gathering place for our theological conferences, several times a year, as well as for our yearly retreat. We boast for our little Knoll fresh air, fresh eggs, lots of open space to walk, ride or jump in. You can readily see that the name is a misnomer; it should have been called Merry Knoll, or perhaps Heigh-ho.

"Just at present our farm land lies under a blanket of snow, our two pigs have gone the way of all pigs—sausage, and a young deer that was held in captivity has been served up as venison. Our larder is now depleted and we ought to take down our rusty shooting-iron and do something about it, but that would place all lives on the property in jeopardy, so we will take down the can-opener instead."

In what mission land is Saiho located? What picture on this page is a native of the land? Cut it out and mount it. At what season was the above description written? How do you know?

CLUE: The spot described here is a missioner's CAMPING GROUND when he

is not making his mission visitations through a CHOSEN land.



You'll forget the heat or the thunder-storm or whatever it may be, doing this one:

Identify the mission country—

It is a group of many islands in the Pacific Ocean.

The whole group has been called the "Pearl of the Orient".

One of the largest of these islands, situated in the northern section of the group, is called Luzon.

Last February, an international event took place there.

The name of the city on the islands where this happened is -----.

One of the illustrations on page 224 is the picture of a F----- lady. Cut her out and mount her.

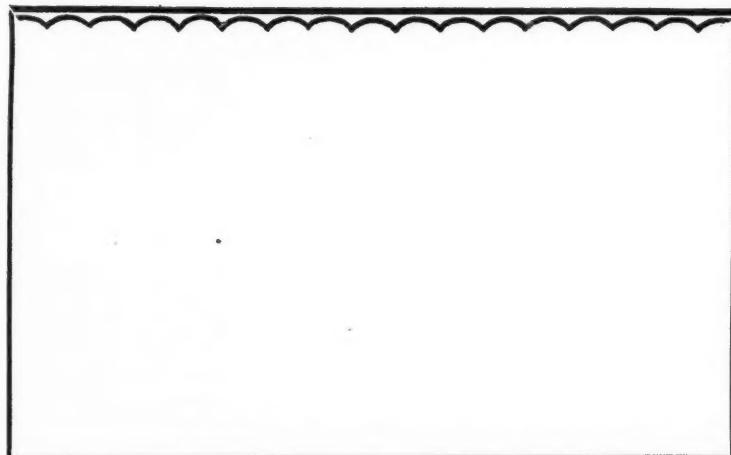


A Maryknoller in ----- says:

"The lake at our back door derives its name Biwa from the ----- musical instrument of that name, which it resembles in shape, being somewhat like a guitar. The lake region, famed as an important historical spot in ----- also bears the name, 'Center of Buddhism and Shintoism' in the empire. In our mission alone there are over 3,174 Buddhist temples, and 1,917 Shinto shrines, conducted by some 5,000 priests (*bonzes*). To the north, separating Zeze from K----, the old capitol of -----, rises the majestic Mt. Heizan, once dotted with a thousand Buddhist temples. It is said that during St. Francis -----' labors on the island, he earnestly desired to reach this sacred hill, to win over the *bonzes* for Christ."

Fill out the blank spaces with the proper letters; mount the above on another piece of paper, together with a picture or two cut out from this page—the pictures must in some way illustrate persons or things found in this Oriental country. Color the pictures, if you wish.

CLUE: At least one of the places mentioned by name can be found in an atlas or geography.



See how many words you can get out of the letters D-R-A-G-O-N-S, combining them in different ways. You need not use every letter in the word DRAGONS for each word you find. Try to make a sentence out of some of your words. List your words above, write out your sentence, and send your Puzzle Solution with your name, address and age to Father Chin, Maryknoll, N. Y. PRIZES for the best solutions.



Date

Dear Father Chin,

Please enroll me as a member of the MARYKNOLL JUNIOR CLUB for one year. I promise to "Pray and work for conversions", and to make at least one money sacrifice, according to my means, for the missions.

Gratefully,

NAME

ADDRESS

AGE SCHOOL

This coupon entitles you to receive THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR free, as a member of the MARYKNOLL JUNIOR CLUB.

The Bounty Page

The Charity of Priests

EVERY priest finds it attractive to help build new citadels of the Faith in non-Christian lands, particularly in these days when enemies strive to tear down the fabric of Christianity. He recognizes that here lies the true problem—not merely to defend what we have, but to struggle forward and garner new millions for Christ.

Since our last issue, we have many evidences of this priestly interest. As instance: one in Brooklyn sends a gift for Bishop Ford; another in New York State sends the fare and equipment money for a Maryknoller in his parish due for ordination in a few years; a priest in Massachusetts offers a gift for our orphanage; and a priest in Wisconsin provides a year's support for a student.

A number of priests whose possessions are meagre have arranged with Maryknoll for an annuity. They will thereby be assured a steady income, usually five per cent, for the rest of their lives. At their death, the principle will pass to us unostentatiously, without even the newspaper mention which a legacy involves, without any of the unkind criticism to which the ignorant and hostile give vent when a priest at death is found to have even a small reserve.

"Your Society is doing splendid work," writes a priest in Iowa, "and you may be assured that we priests in the parishes are with you whole-heartedly."

The Month's Wills

WE have been remembered in four wills this month, filed in the states of Massachusetts, New York, Maryland and California.

Occasionally, priests are asked to advise their parishioners regarding their wills and, frequently, admonish them to make their last testaments not only Catholic by remembering the Church but *catholic* by remembering the World Church.

A pastor in Indiana has this in mind, as his recent letter to us demonstrates: "I noticed in THE FIELD AFAR that you have a booklet on wills which you

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby give, devise, and bequeath unto the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc. (Maryknoll's legal title),* the sum of _____

Dollars.

This legacy to be used by the said Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., for the purposes for which it is incorporated.

*In drawing a will in New York, Massachusetts or California, name the local address.

offer free to readers. I intend to send each family of the parish a quarterly statement and I shall enclose your booklet if you will supply me copies—about 125."

Needless to say we hustled them off to him in the next mail.

The Needy to the Needy

EXCUSE me for being tardy. This is the first time since I pledged my dollar a month to Mary's boys of Maryknoll in 1933 that I have been late. I had to borrow this dollar, but God will not be outdone."—Mass.

"Please ask the Knollers to pray for me. I have been working nights for a year and a half, and it has worn me out. We are poor; there was no alternative. But I will continue to send my dollar each month for my missioner by bargain-hunting for food."—Illinoi:s.

"I am ashamed to enclose this little Canadian quarter note, but everything counts. Not being able to help materially being a little invalid cloistered here in my hospital cell, I am trying to make

ALL Maryknoll priests offer their Friday Masses for benefactors. Besides these Masses, benefactors share in the prayers and sacrifices of our students, Brothers and Sisters, and in the prayers of the Christians on the missions.

THE FIELD AFAR, Maryknoll

We give Thee thanks, Almighty God, for all Thy gifts which we have received from Thy bounty.

up for it in daily prayer and sacrifice."—New Brunswick, Canada.

"I am a graduate nurse and since I made the effort to help Maryknoll I have been rewarded with plenty of work. Recently, my present patient gave me the enclosed money (\$5.00) for a theatre treat. Although she is not a Catholic, she was quite happy when she learned that I chose to send it to Maryknoll as an offering for her recovery. Please remember her in your prayers."—New York.

Perpetual Remembrance

SOME families have each of their dear departed enrolled as Perpetual Associates of Maryknoll. The offering for each is fifty dollars.

So many think it truly Christian thus to seek prayers instead of tears. "Enclosed find half payment on a Perpetual," writes a man in Illinois. "All in our family wish prayers when death comes. Weeping and mourning at one's funeral is rather ineffectual for one's soul."

At present, many are paying their perpetuums in installments of two dollars monthly. We send a monthly reminder.

Our "Cover-to-Coverers"

M.R. M. and I look forward each month to the arrival of THE FIELD AFAR. We love it and read it from cover to cover. Enclosed is \$10—\$5 for a six year renewal and \$5 for five months' sponsoring of our missioner."—New York State.

"I would certainly miss my FIELD AFAR if I could not have it after twenty-five years. It gets more interesting every year. I read every word and then pass it on."—Mass.

"I read it from cover to cover and find it interesting and inspiring."—New York State.

"Like an old friend that comes along each month."—Ohio.

"Always interesting and a real inspiration toward a closer walk with God."—California.

"I like the headings showing the various mission fields and giving the workers in them."—Missouri.

"A most fascinating little magazine and your photographs are certainly worthy of comment."—Mass.

"I cannot resist the temptation to write and tell you that I read it from cover to cover. I am very fond of children and find your photos of them delightful to look at."—New York State.

"I'd like you to know that I find it the most refreshing and interesting of magazines. I enjoy reading it from cover to cover."—New York State.

"My whole family would miss THE FIELD AFAR if it did not come."—Arizona.

"My life is a very busy one, but there is always time to read your magazine from cover to cover."—Connecticut.

Fare to Asia

Five hundred dollars will cover the travel expenses and equipment of a Maryknoll Apostle to Asia.

Letters You Will Like to Read

"**G**OD willing, I hope to send you three dollars monthly, henceforth, instead of two dollars and thus care for a missioner three days.

"I hope it is not out of place for me to express a layman's:

1. thanks for Maryknoll's prayers (the infinite value of which we can never hope to merit) in behalf of myself and family;
2. admiration of Maryknoll's efficient business methods;

3. appreciation of Maryknoll's little courtesies such as your gracious monthly greetings."—California.

"I feel like a regular cad, but I honestly haven't the dollar I promised to send monthly. Please pray for success in selling my five lovely Pekingese puppies. Father, they are beauties! Don't laugh at my request; my husband is unemployed, and we have to think of board for all, school clothes and shoes for the youngsters. I love Maryknoll and wish to take care of my missioner. Hence all my hopes are in my Pekingese!"—Michigan.

"I have deferred sending this dollar, hoping that I could send more. To me, the work of the Maryknoll missionaries has the strongest appeal of all charities.



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The Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll, N. Y.

I should like to help keep a Maryknoll Missioner at his post in the Orient. Please send me Support-A-Missioner Dime Cards.

Name

Address

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HE WHO HELPS AN APOSTLE BECOMES AN APOSTLE.

If our oil well comes in as we expect, I shall realize my glorious ambition to support ten Maryknollers for a year."

—Texas.

Favors Received

REQUESTS for publication of favors received have come from: Milwaukee, Wis.; Washington, D. C.; Reading, Ohio; and Cincinnati, Ohio.

Recently Deceased

Maryknoll Associates

WE ask prayers for the repose of the souls of the following deceased friends of the mission cause:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. Driscoll; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Hultigen; Rev. P. Heriz; Rev. A. Stapleton; Rev. C. Gamache; Rev. W. McCartney; Rev. A. Ternes; Rev. M. Twomey; Mother M. St. Bernard; Sr. M. Lorenzo Murphy; Sr. M. Raphael Driscoll; Sr. Lucy; Sr. St. Roch Kelly; Sr. M. Eugene; Mrs. M. Tarpey; Mrs. L. Shields; Mr. W. Duffy; Mrs. J. O'Connor; Mrs. A. Leduc; Mr. D. Hughes; Mrs. S. Bingham; Miss C. Mooney; Miss M. Sheehan; Mrs. C. Kaiser; Mrs. N. Monahan; Mrs. M. Gannon; Miss M. Cahill; Mr. J. Hogan; Mrs. P. Van Andra; Mr. C. Knuwen; Mrs. A. Hackett; Miss. M. Crowley; Mr. J.

The Making of a Catholic Will

This free booklet will be sent you on request. Address:

The Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll, N. Y.

Roake; Mr. W. Roake; Mrs. N. Roake; Mr. J. Kennedy; Miss A. Quigley; Mrs. D. Brooks; F. Hodson; F. Mathews; Dr. R. Watt; Mrs. E. Feeney; Miss M. Corbett; Mr. J. Bell; Mrs. B. Quinn; Mr. H. Reilly; K. Carroll; N. Mackey; M. Carroll; Mr. F. Marrow; Mr. C. Bennett; Mr. Devaney; Miss Scheffler; Mr. F. Lawyer; M. Keating; Mr. G. Russell; Mrs. T. Fitzgerald; Miss M. Berry; Mrs. M. Wehmhoff; Mrs. E. Bagnell; Miss M. Dolphin; Mr. T. Guiniven; Mrs. M. Doyle; Mr. J. Eversman; Mr. S. Donahue; Miss C. Moran; Mrs. C. Harney; Miss A. Cashin; Mr. Kazmierczak; Mr. C. Semon; Mrs. M. Walsh; Miss K. Middendorf; Mr. Cadigan; Mr. T. Conroy; Mr. P. Miller; Mrs. Broderick; Miss A. McDonald; Mr. J. Ryan; Mr. J. O'Brien; Mrs. M. McGreeney; Miss E. Reynolds; Miss A. Gorman; Mr. C. Louth; Mrs. B. Gillick; Mr. T. Reilly; Mrs. C. Munz; Mr. A. Altevers; Mrs. C. Shirar; Miss N. McCabe; Mr. J. Roberts; Miss H. Coleman; Mr. N. Curtis; Mr. J. Casey; Mrs. J. Dixon; Mrs. W. Volbracht; Mr. G. Hollinger; N. Callinan; Mr. E. Mahan; Mrs. W. Dillon; Mrs. M. Wallace; Mr. G. Kanavel; Mrs. M. O'Reilly; K. Morgan; Miss R. McCrory; Mr. J. Scully; Mrs. R. Joeskey; Mr. J. Nolan; Mrs. T. O'Donnell; Mrs. C. Conneff; Miss E. Kenney; Mr. Manley; Mr. J. Garrity.

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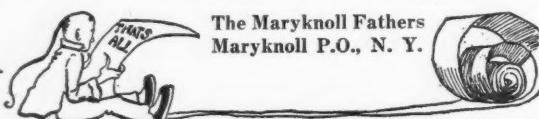
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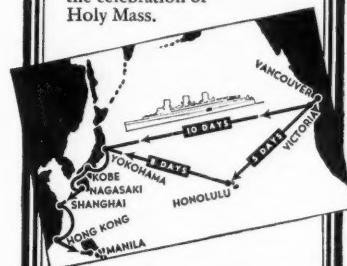
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MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK



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